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## LOVE AND NATURE.

O YE birds there, our sweetest in singing,  
Did ye learn your glad music of streams?  
From yon fountain melodiously springing  
Like a sleeper awakened from dreams?

Hark, that bell-note! How sweetly it tinkled  
Over ledges, thro' mosses and fern!

As ye bathed there at noon dew-besprinkled,  
Did the first bird its first note there learn?

And the winds, now in autumn-leaves moaning,  
Now joyous and gay after rain,

Did ye hear them, your answer intoning,  
With a sadder or gayer refrain?

And the storms, were they also your teachers?  
Say, thou eagle, dread monarch on high,  
Lord of air and of all feathered creatures,  
Came it thence, thine unearthly shrill cry?

Was it thus, now such melodies pouring,  
That ye learnt your first lesson, sweet birds?  
Even as eloquence, high in its soaring,  
Was content first to stammer in words?

Till the nightingale all notes combining,  
Song of finch, thrush, and warbler, oft-told,  
Came last, like a Homer, refining  
Rude lays to an epic of gold.\*

Ah, not thus, came the answer, replying  
From a songster, the sage of the grove,  
Not from wind, stream, or fountain, outlying,  
But within us the teacher, from love!

Love, it may be, the picker, the chooser,  
Nature's sweetest sounds apt to recall;  
Love, it may be, the borrower, the user,  
But 'tis love at the source after all.

Love a joy, and a bliss, and a yearning,  
Love a pang, and a pain of desire:  
Ask you lark there whose rapture is burning  
In the firmament, catching its fire:

Ask the skylark, our wonder, our glory,  
As he sings from his honest sweet breast,  
Tho' a world may be listening, his story,  
To his little brown mate in the nest!

So the love-note, the love-song, the warning  
When the hawk is abroad in the sky,  
Are love's offspring, immediately born in  
Love's heart, and without love they die.

For a thousand sweet notes may be ringing,  
Heard Nature's rude harpstrings along;  
But the charm of them all is in singing,  
And the heart is the charm of the song.

And would ye too, *our* singers not perish,  
But live on, and sound through the years, —  
Know, 'tis Nature alone we most cherish,  
But Nature made human thro' tears.

\* "Inspired mocking-bird, greatest of plagiarists."

For a thousand sweet thoughts may be winging,  
Love-born, youthful fancies along,  
But as pearls to enchain us need stringing,  
So love to enthral us needs song.  
Spectator. A. G. B.

## THE SNOWDROP.

THROUGH days of rain and nights of snow  
A flower grew silently and slow,  
Till all around was white;  
Then clad in robes of tender green,  
With fairy bells that peep between,  
The snowdrop seeks the light.

What kindly hand has tended thee  
In thy dark cell where none could see  
The future promise bright?  
How could we know while Nature slept,  
A treasure like thyself she kept  
To gladden Winter's sight?

Only a drooping flower of snow!  
It sets the beating heart aglow  
With hopes of brighter times;  
And while the little snowbells ring,  
We hear the music of the Spring  
Float on the airy chimes.

A flower so tender, yet so brave,  
That springs from out a wintry grave,  
Needs not the praise of song.  
I hear thee whisper, flower of snow:  
"Through days of sorrow, nights of woe,  
Be hopeful, and be strong!"  
Chambers' Journal. R. A. MACWILLIAM.

## TRUE GIFTS.

HE gives no gift who gives to me  
Things rich and rare,  
Unless within the gift he give  
Of love some share.

He gives no gift who gives to me  
Silver and gold,  
If but to make his own heart glad;  
Such gift is cold.

He gives me gifts who, giving such,  
My wants would ease,  
Feeling most pity for my need  
In lacking these.

He gives me gifts most rich and rare  
Who gives to me,  
Out of the riches of his heart,  
True sympathy.

He gives best gifts who, giving nought  
Of worldly store,  
Gives me his friendship, love, and trust —  
I ask no more.  
Chambers' Journal. LAURA HARVEY.

From The Nineteenth Century.  
ON JUSTICE.

[IN the January number of this review (page 126), I made the incidental statement that "should I be able to complete Part IV. of the 'Principles of Ethics,' treating of 'Justice,' of which the first chapters only are at present written, I hope to deal adequately with these relations between the ethics of the progressive condition and the ethics of that condition which is the goal of progress—a goal ever to be recognized, though it cannot be actually reached." These chapters were written nearly a year ago; the fourth, not quite finished, having been untouched since May last. In view of the possibility that the division of which they form part may never be completed, or otherwise that its completion may be long delayed, it has occurred to me that as the topic dealt with is now being discussed, these first chapters may, perhaps with advantage, be published forthwith. The editor having kindly assented to my proposal to issue them in this review, I here append the first three; reserving two others, conveniently separable in subject-matter, for another article.]

#### I.

##### ANIMAL-ETHICS.

THOSE who have not read the first division of this work\* will be surprised by the above title. But the chapters on "Conduct in General" and "The Evolution of Conduct" will have shown to those who have read them that something which may be regarded as animal-ethics is implied.

It was there shown that the conduct which ethics treats of is not separable from conduct at large; that the highest conduct is that which conduces to the greatest length, breadth, and completeness of life; and that by implication there is a conduct proper to each species of animal, which is the relatively good conduct—a conduct which stands towards that species as the conduct we morally approve stands towards the human species.

Most people regard the subject-matter of ethics as being conduct considered as

calling forth approbation or reprobation. But the primary subject-matter of ethics is conduct considered objectively as producing good or bad results to self or others or both.

Even those who think of ethics as concerned only with conduct which deserves praise or blame, tacitly recognize an animal-ethics; for certain acts of animals excite in them antipathy or sympathy. A bird which feeds its mate while she is sitting is regarded with a sentiment of approval. For a hen which refuses to sit upon her eggs there is a feeling of aversion; while one which fights in defence of her chickens is admired.

Egoistic acts, as well as altruistic acts, in animals are classed as good or bad. A squirrel which lays up a store of food for the winter is thought of as doing that which a squirrel ought to do; and contrariwise, one which idly makes no provision and dies of starvation, is thought of as properly paying the penalty of improvidence. A dog which surrenders its bone to another without a struggle, and runs away, we call a coward—a word of reprobation.

Thus then it is clear that acts which are conducive to preservation of offspring or of the individual we consider as good relatively to the species, and conversely.

The two classes of cases of altruistic and egoistic acts of animals just given, exemplify the two cardinal and opposed principles of animal-ethics.

During immaturity benefits received must be inversely proportionate to capacities possessed. Within the family group most must be given where least is deserved, if desert is measured by worth. Contrariwise, after maturity is reached, benefits must vary directly as worth; worth being measured by fitness to the conditions of existence. The ill fitted must suffer the evils of unfitness, and the well fitted profit by their fitness.

These are the two laws which a species must conform to if it is to be preserved. Limiting the proposition to the higher types (for in the lower types, parents give to offspring no other aid than that of laying up a small amount of nutriment with

\* Reference is here made to the Data of Ethics.

the germ; the result being that an enormous mortality has to be balanced by an enormous fertility) — thus limiting the proposition, I say, it is clear that if, among the young, benefit were proportioned to efficiency, the species would disappear forthwith; and if, among adults, benefit were proportioned to inefficiency the species would disappear by decay in a few generations (see *Principles of Sociology*, § 322).

What is the ethical aspect of these principles? In the first place, animal life of all but the lowest kinds has been maintained by virtue of them. Excluding the *Protozoa*, among which their operation is scarcely discernible, we see that without *gratis* benefits to offspring, and earned benefits to adults, life could not have continued.

In the second place, by virtue of them life has gradually evolved into higher forms. By care of offspring which has become greater with advancing organization, and by survival of the fittest in the competition among adults which has become keener with advancing organization, superiority has been perpetually fostered, and further advances caused.

On the other hand, it is true that to this self-sacrificing care for the young and this struggle for existence among adults, has been due the carnage and the death by starvation which have characterized the evolution of life from the beginning. It is also true that the processes consequent on conformity to these principles are responsible for the production of torturing parasites, which out-number in their kinds all other creatures.

To those who take a pessimist view of animal-life in general, contemplation of these principles can of course yield only dissatisfaction. But to those who take an optimist view, or a meliorist view, of life in general, and who accept the postulate of hedonism, contemplation of these principles must yield greater or less satisfaction, and fulfilment of them must be ethically approved.

Otherwise considered, these principles are either, according to the current belief, expressions of the divine will, or, accord-

ing to the agnostic belief, indicate the mode in which works the unknowable power throughout the universe; and in either case they have the warrant hence derived.

But here, leaving aside the ultimate controversy of pessimism *versus* optimism, it will suffice for present purposes to set out with a hypothetical postulate, and to limit it to a single species. If the preservation and prosperity of such species is to be desired, there inevitably emerges one most general conclusion and from it three less general conclusions.

The most general conclusion is that, in order of obligation, the preservation of the species takes precedence of the preservation of the individual. It is true that the species has no existence save as an aggregate of individuals; and it is true that, therefore, the welfare of the species is an end to be subserved only as subserving the welfares of individuals. But since disappearance of the species, implying disappearance of all individuals, involves absolute failure in achieving the end, whereas disappearance of individuals, though carried to a great extent, may leave outstanding such number as can, by continuance of the species, make subsequent fulfilment of the end possible; the preservation of the individual must, in a variable degree according to circumstances, be subordinated to the preservation of the species, where the two conflict. The resulting corollaries are these: —

First, that among adults there must be conformity to the law that benefits received shall be directly proportionate to merits possessed; merits being measured by power of self-sustentation. For, otherwise, the species must suffer in two ways. It must suffer immediately by sacrifice of superior to inferior, which entails a general diminution of welfare; and it must suffer remotely by furthering increase of the inferior and, by implication, hindering increase of the superior, and by a consequent general deterioration which, if continued, must end in extinction.

Second, that during early life, before self-sustentation has become possible, and also while it can be but partial, the aid

given must be the greatest where the worth shown is the smallest—benefits received must be inversely proportionate to merits possessed; merits being measured by power of self-sustentation. Unless there are *gratis* benefits to offspring, unqualified at first and afterwards qualified by decrease as maturity is approached, the species must disappear by extinction of its young. There is, of course, necessitated a proportionate self-subordination of adults.

Third, to this self-subordination entailed by parenthood has, in certain cases, to be added a further self-subordination. If the constitution of the species and its conditions of existence are such that sacrifices, partial or complete, of some of its individuals, so subserve the welfare of the species that its numbers are better maintained than they would otherwise be, then there results a justification for such sacrifices.

Such are the laws by conformity to which a species is maintained; and if we assume that the preservation of a particular species is a *desideratum*, there arises in it an obligation to conform to these laws, which we may call, according to the case in question, quasi-ethical or ethical.

## II.

### SUB-HUMAN JUSTICE.

OF the two essential but opposed principles of action by pursuance of which each species is preserved, we are here concerned only with the second. Passing over the law of the family as composed of adults and young, we have now to consider exclusively the law of the species as composed of adults only.

This law we have seen to be that individuals of most worth, as measured by their fitness to the conditions of existence, shall have the greatest benefits, and that inferior individuals shall receive smaller benefits, or suffer greater evils, or both results—a law which, under its biological aspect, has for its implication the survival of the fittest. Interpreted in ethical terms it is that each individual ought to be subject to the effects of its own nature and resulting conduct. Through-

out sub-human life this law holds without qualification; for there exists no agency by which, among adults, the relations between conduct and consequence can be interfered with.

Fully to appreciate the import of this law we may with advantage pause a moment to contemplate an analogous law; or, rather, the same law as exhibited in another sphere. Besides being displayed in the relations among members of the species, as respectively well or ill sustained according to their well-adapted activities or ill-adapted activities, it is displayed in the relations of parts of each organism to one another.

Every muscle, every viscus, every gland, receives blood in proportion to function. If it does little it is ill-fed and dwindles; if it does much it is well-fed and grows. By this balancing of expenditure in action and payment in nutriment, there is, at the same time, a balancing of the relative powers of the parts of the organism; so that the organism as a whole is fitted to its existence by having the proportions of its parts continuously adjusted to the requirements. And clearly this principle of self-adjustment within each individual is parallel to that principle of self-adjustment by which the species as a whole keeps itself fitted to its environment. For by the better nutrition and greater power of propagation which comes to members of the species that have faculties and consequent activities best adapted to the needs, joined with the lower sustentation of self and offspring which accompany less adapted faculties and activities, there is caused such special growth of the species as most conduces to its survival in face of surrounding conditions.

This, then, is the law of sub-human justice, that each individual shall receive the benefits and the evils of its own nature and its consequent conduct.

But sub-human justice is extremely imperfect, alike in general and in detail.

In general, it is imperfect in the sense that there exist multitudinous species the sustentation of which depends on the wholesale destruction of other species; and this wholesale destruction implies



that the species serving as prey have the relations between conduct and consequence so habitually broken that in but very few individuals are they long maintained. It is true that in such cases the premature loss of life suffered from enemies by nearly all members of the species, must be considered as resulting from their natures—their inability to contend with the destructive agencies they are exposed to. But we may fitly recognize the truth that this violent ending of the immense majority of its lives, implies that the species is one in which justice, as above conceived, is displayed in but small measure.

Sub-human justice is extremely imperfect in detail, in the sense that the relation between conduct and consequence is in such an immense proportion of cases broken by accidents—accidents of kinds which fall indiscriminately upon inferior and superior individuals. There are the multitudinous deaths caused by inclemencies of weather, which, in the great majority of cases, the best members of the species are liable to like the worst. There are other multitudinous deaths caused by scarcity of food, which, if not wholly, still in large measure, carries off good and bad alike. Among low types, too, enemies are causes of death which so operate that superior as well as inferior are sacrificed. And the like holds with invasions by parasites, often widely fatal. These attack, and frequently destroy, the most perfect individuals as readily as the least perfect.

The high rate of multiplication required to balance the immense mortality among low animals, at once shows us that among them long survival is not insured by superiority; and that thus the sub-human justice, which consists in continued receipt of the results of conduct, holds individually in but few cases.

And here we come upon a truth of great significance—the truth that sub-human justice becomes more decided as organization becomes higher.

Whether this or that fly is taken by a swallow, whether among a brood of caterpillars an ichneumon settles on this or that, whether out of a shoal of herrings this or that is swallowed by a cetacean, is an event quite independent of individual peculiarity; good and bad samples fare alike. With high types of creatures it is otherwise. Keen senses, sagacity, agility, give a particular carnivore special power to secure prey. In a herd of herbivorous creatures, the one with quickest hearing, clearest vision, most sensitive nostril, or

greatest speed, is the one most likely to save itself.

Evidently, in proportion as the endowments, mental and bodily, of a species are high, and as, consequently, its ability to deal with the incidents of the environment is great, the continued life of each individual is less dependent on accidents against which it cannot guard. And, evidently, in proportion as this result of general superiority becomes marked, the results of special superiorities are felt. Individual differences of faculty play larger parts in determining individual fates. Now deficiency of a power shortens life, and now a large endowment prolongs it. That is to say, individuals experience more fully the results of their own natures—the justice is more decided.

With creatures which lead solitary lives, the nature of sub-human justice is thus sufficiently expressed; but on passing to gregarious creatures, there enters into it a new element.

Simple association, as of sheep or deer, profits the individual and the species only by that more efficient safeguarding which results from the superiority of a multitude of eyes, ears, and noses over the eyes, ears, and nose of a single individual. Through the alarms more quickly given, all benefit by the senses of the most acute. Where this, which we may call passive co-operation, rises into active co-operation, as among rooks where one of the flock keeps watch while the rest feed, or as among beavers where a number work together in making dams, or as among wolves where, by a plan of attack in which the individuals play different parts, prey is caught which would otherwise not be caught; there is still greater advantage to the individuals and to the species. And, speaking generally, we may say that gregariousness, and co-operation more or less active establish themselves in a species only because they are profitable to it; since, otherwise, survival of the fittest must prevent establishment of them.

But now mark that this profitable association is made possible only by observance of certain conditions. The acts directed to self-sustentation which each performs, are performed more or less in presence of others performing like acts; and there tends to result more or less interference. If the interference is great, it may render the association unprofitable. For the association to be profitable the acts must be restrained to such extent as to leave a balance of advantage. Survival

of the fittest will else exterminate that variety of the species in which association begins.

Here, then, we find a further factor in sub-human justice. Each individual, receiving the benefits and the injuries due to its own nature and consequent conduct, has to carry on that conduct subject to the restriction that it shall not in any large measure impede the conduct by which each other individual achieves benefits or brings on itself injuries. The average conduct must not involve aggressions of such amounts as to cause evils which out-balance the good obtained by co-operation. Thus, to the positive element in sub-human justice has to be added, among gregarious creatures, a negative element.

The necessity for observance of the condition that each member of the group while carrying on the pursuit of self-sustentation and sustentation of offspring, shall not seriously impede the like pursuits of others, makes itself so felt, where association is established, as to mould the species to it. The mischiefs from time to time experienced when the limits are transgressed, continually discipline all in such ways as to produce regard for the limits; so that such regard becomes, in course of time, a natural trait of the species. For, manifestly, regardlessness of the limits, if great and general, causes dissolution of the group. Those varieties only can survive as gregarious varieties in which there is an inherited tendency to maintain the limits.

Yet, further, there arises such general consciousness of the need for maintaining the limits, that punishments are inflicted on transgressors — not only by aggrieved members of the group, but by the group as a whole. A "rogue" elephant (always distinguished as unusually malicious) is one which has been expelled from the herd; doubtless because of conduct obnoxious to the rest — probably aggressive. It is said that from a colony of beavers an idler is banished, and thus prevented from profiting by labors in which he does not join; a statement made more credible by the fact that drones, when no longer needed, are killed by worker-bees. The testimonies of observers in different countries show that a flock of crows, after prolonged noise of consultation, will summarily execute an offending member. And an eyewitness affirms that among rooks, a pair which steals the sticks from neighboring nests has its own nest pulled to pieces by the rest.

Here, then, we see that the *à priori* condition to harmonious co-operation comes to be tacitly recognized as something like a law; and there is a penalty consequent upon breach of it.

That the individual shall experience all the consequences, good and evil, of its own nature and consequent conduct, which is that primary principle of sub-human justice whence results survival of the fittest, is, in creatures that lead solitary lives, a principle complicated only by the responsibilities of parenthood. Among them the purely egoistic actions of self-sustentation have, during the reproductive period, to be qualified by that self-subordination which the rearing of offspring necessitates, but by no other self-subordination. Among gregarious creatures of considerable intelligence, however, the welfare of the species occasionally demands a further self-subordination.

We read of bisons that, during the calving season, the bulls form an encircling guard round the herd of cows and calves, to protect them against wolves and other predatory animals; a proceeding which entails on each bull some danger, but which conduces to the preservation of the species. Out of a herd of elephants about to emerge from a forest to reach a drinking place, one will first appear and look round in search of dangers, and, not discerning any, will then post some others of the herd to act as watchers; after which the main body comes forth and enters the water. Here a certain extra risk is run by the few that the many may be the safer. In a still greater degree we are shown this kind of action by a troop of monkeys, the members of which will combine to defend or rescue one of their number; for though in any particular case the species may not profit, since more mortality may result than would have resulted, yet it profits in the long run by the display of a character which makes attack on its groups dangerous.

Evidently, then, if by such conduct one variety of a gregarious species keeps up, or increases, its numbers, while other varieties, in which self-subordination thus directed does not exist, fail to do this, a certain sanction is acquired for such conduct. The preservation of the species being the ultimate end, it results that where an occasional mortality of individuals in defence of the species furthers this preservation in a greater degree than would pursuit of exclusive benefit by each individual, that which we recognize as

sub-human justice may rightly have this second limitation.

It remains only to point out the order of priority, and the respective ranges, of these principles. The law of relation between conduct and consequence, which, throughout the animal kingdom at large, brings prosperity to those individuals which are structurally best adapted to their conditions of existence, and which, under its ethical aspect, is expressed in the principle that each individual ought to receive the good and the evil which arises from its own nature, is the primary law holding of all creatures; and is applicable without qualification to creatures which lead solitary lives, save in that self-subordination needed among the higher of them for the rearing of offspring.

Among gregarious creatures, and in an increasing degree as they co-operate more, there comes into play a law, second in order of time and authority, that those actions through which, in fulfilment of its nature, the individual achieves benefits and avoids evils, shall be restrained by the need for non-interference with the like actions of associated individuals. A substantial respect for this law in the average of cases being the condition under which alone gregariousness can continue, it becomes an imperative law for creatures to which gregariousness is a benefit. But, obviously, this secondary law is simply a specification of that form which the primary law takes under the conditions of gregarious life; since, by asserting that in each individual the inter-actions of conduct and consequence must be restricted in the specified way, it tacitly re-asserts that these inter-actions must be maintained in all other individuals.

Later in origin, and narrower in range, is the third law, that under conditions such that, by the occasional sacrifices of some members of a species, the species as a whole prospers, there arises a sanction for such sacrifices, and a consequent qualification of the law that each individual shall receive the benefits and evils of its own nature.

Finally, it should be observed that whereas the first law is absolute for animals in general, and whereas the second law is absolute for gregarious animals, the third law is relative to the existence of enemies of such kinds that, in contending with them, the species gains more than it loses by the sacrifice of a few members; and in the absence of such enemies this qualification imposed by the third law disappears.

### III.

#### HUMAN JUSTICE.

THE contents of the last chapter foreshadow the contents of this. As, from the evolution point of view, human life must be regarded as a further development of sub-human life, it follows that from this same point of view, human justice must be a further development of sub-human justice. For convenience the two are here separately treated, but they are essentially of the same nature, and form parts of a continuous whole.

Of man, as of all inferior creatures, the law by conformity to which the species is preserved is that among adults the individuals best adapted to the conditions of their existence shall prosper most, and that individuals least adapted to the conditions of their existence shall prosper least—a law which, if uninterfered with, entails survival of the fittest, and spread of the most adapted varieties. And as before so here, we see that, ethically considered, this law implies that each individual ought to receive the benefits and the evils of his own nature and consequent conduct; neither being prevented from having whatever good his actions normally bring to him, nor allowed to shoulder off on to other persons whatever ill is brought to him by his actions.

To what extent such ill, naturally following from his actions, may be voluntarily borne by other persons, it does not concern us now to inquire. The qualifying effects of pity, mercy, and generosity, will be considered hereafter in the parts dealing with "Negative Beneficence" and "Positive Beneficence. Here we are concerned only with pure justice.

The law thus originating, and thus ethically expressed, is obviously that which commends itself to the common apprehension as just. Sayings and criticisms daily heard imply a perception that conduct and consequence ought not to be dissociated. When, of some one who suffers a disaster, it is said, "He has no one to blame but himself," there is implied the belief that he has not any ground for complaint. The comment on one whose mis-judgment or misbehavior has entailed evil upon him, that "he has made his own bed, and now he must lie in it," has behind it the conviction that the connection of cause and effect is proper. Similarly with the remark, "He got no more than he deserved." A kindred conviction is implied when, conversely, there results good instead of evil. "He has fairly earned his reward;" "He has not received due rec-

ompense;" are remarks indicating the consciousness that there should be a proportion between effort put forth and advantage achieved.

The truth that justice becomes more pronounced as organization becomes higher, which we contemplated in the last chapter, is further exemplified on passing from sub-human justice to human justice. The degree of justice and the degree of organization simultaneously make advances. These are shown alike by the entire human race, and by its superior varieties as contrasted with its inferior.

We saw that a high species of animals is distinguished from a low species in the respect that since its aggregate suffers less mortality from destructive agencies, each of its members continues on the average for a longer time subject to the normal relation between conduct and consequence; and here we see that the human race as a whole, far lower in its rate of mortality than nearly all races of inferior kinds, usually subjects its members for much longer periods to the good and evil results of well-adapted and ill-adapted conduct. We also saw that as, among the higher animals, a greater average longevity makes it possible for individual differences to show their effects for longer periods, it results that the unlike fates of different individuals are to a greater extent determined by that normal relation between conduct and consequence which constitutes justice; and we here see that in mankind unlikenesses of faculty in still greater degrees, and for still longer periods, work out their effects in advantaging the superior and disadvantaging the inferior in the continuous play of conduct and consequence.

Similarly is it with the civilized varieties of mankind as compared with the savage varieties. A still further diminished rate of mortality implies that there is a relatively still larger proportion, the members of which, during long lives, gain good from well-adapted acts, and suffer evil from ill-adapted ones. While also it is manifest that both the greater differences of longevity among individuals, and the greater differences of social position, imply that in civilized societies more than in savage societies, differences of endowment and consequent differences of conduct are enabled to cause their appropriate differences of results, good or evil; the justice is greater.

More clearly in the human race than in

lower races are we shown that gregariousness establishes itself because it profits the variety in which it arises, partly by furthering general safety and partly by facilitating sustentation. And we are shown that the degree of gregariousness is determined by the degree in which it thus subserves the interests of the variety. For where the variety is one of which the members live on wild food, they associate only in small groups; game and fruits widely distributed can support these only. But greater gregariousness arises where agriculture makes possible the support of a large number on a small area; and where the accompanying development of industries introduces many and various co-operations.

But that which was faintly indicated among lower beings is conspicuously displayed among human beings—that the advantages of co-operation can be had only by conformity to certain requirements which association imposes. The mutual hindrances liable to arise during the pursuit of their ends by individuals living in proximity, must be kept within such limits as to leave a surplus of advantage obtained by associated life. Some types of men, as the Abors, lead solitary lives, because their aggressiveness is such that they cannot live together. And in view of this extreme case it is clear that though, in many primitive groups, individual antagonisms often cause quarrels, yet the groups are maintained because their members derive a balance of benefit—chiefly in greater safety. It is also clear that in proportion as communities become developed and their division of labor complex, the advantages of co-operation can be gained only by a still better maintenance of those limits to each man's activities necessitated by the simultaneous activities of others. This truth is illustrated by the unprosperous or decaying state of communities in which the aggressions of individuals on one another are so numerous and great as to prevent them from severally receiving the normal results of their actions.

The requirement that individual activities must be mutually restrained, which we saw is so felt among certain inferior gregarious creatures that they inflict punishments on those who do not duly restrain them, is a requirement which, more imperative among men, and more distinctly felt by them to be a requirement, causes a still more marked habit of inflicting punishments on offenders. Though in primitive groups it is commonly left to any one who

is injured to revenge himself on the injurer, and though even in the societies of feudal Europe, the defending and enforcing of his claims was in many cases held to be each man's personal concern; yet there has ever tended to grow up such perception of the need for internal order, and such sentiment accompanying the perception, that infliction of punishments by the community as a whole, or by its established agents, has become habitual. And that a system of laws enacting restrictions on conduct, and punishments for breaking them, is a natural product of human life carried on under social conditions, is shown by the fact that among multitudinous nations composed of various types of mankind, similar actions, similarly regarded as trespasses, have been similarly forbidden.

Through all which sets of facts is manifested the truth, recognized practically if not theoretically, that each individual carrying on the actions which subserve his life, and not prevented from receiving their normal results, good and bad, shall carry on these actions under such restraints as are imposed by the carrying on of kindred actions by other individuals, who have similarly to receive such normal results good and bad. And vaguely, if not definitely, this is seen to constitute what is called justice.

We saw that among inferior gregarious creatures, justice in its universal simple form, besides being qualified by the self-subordination which parenthood implies, and in some measure by the self-restraint necessitated by association, as in a few cases further qualified in a small degree by the partial or complete sacrifice of individuals made in defence of the species. And now in the highest gregarious creature we see that this further qualification of primitive justice assumes large proportions.

No longer as among inferior beings demanded only by the need for defence against enemies of other kinds, this further self-subordination is, among human beings, also demanded by the need for defence against enemies of the same kind. Having become the predominant inhabitants of the earth, and having spread wherever there is food, men have come to be everywhere in one another's way; and the mutual enmities hence resulting, have made the sacrifices entailed by wars between groups, far greater than the sacrifices made in defence of the groups against inferior animals. It is doubtless

true with the human race, as with lower races, that destruction of the group or the variety does not imply destruction of the species; and it therefore follows that such obligation as exists for self-subordination in the interests of the group or the variety, is an obligation of lower degree than is that of sustentation of offspring, without fulfilment of which the species must disappear, and of lower degree than the obligation to restrain actions within the limits imposed by social conditions, without fulfilment of which the group will dissolve. Still, it must be regarded as an obligation to the extent to which the maintenance of the species is subserved by the maintenance of each of its groups.

But the self-subordination thus justified, and in a sense rendered obligatory, is limited to that which is required for defensive war. Only because the preservation of the group as a whole conduces to preservation of its members' lives and their ability to pursue the objects of life, is there a reason for the sacrifice of some of its members; and this reason no longer exists when war is offensive instead of defensive.

It may, indeed, be contended that since offensive wars initiate those struggles between groups which end in the destruction of the weaker, offensive wars, furthering the peopling of the earth by the stronger, subserve the interests of the race. But even supposing that the conquered groups always consisted of men having smaller mental or bodily fitness for war (which they do not; for it is in part a question of numbers, and the smaller groups may consist of the more capable warriors), there would still be an adequate answer. It is only during the earlier stages of human progress that the development of strength, courage, and cunning, are of chief importance. After societies of considerable size have been formed and the subordination needed for organizing them produced, other and higher faculties become those of chief importance; and the struggle for existence carried on by force, does not always further the survival of the fittest. The fact that but for a mere accident Persia would have conquered Greece, and the fact that the Tartar hordes very nearly overwhelmed European civilization, show that offensive war can be trusted to subserve the interests of the race only when the capacity for a high social life does not exist, and that in proportion as this capacity develops, offensive war tends more and more to hinder, rather than to



further, human welfare. In brief we may say that the arrival at a stage in which ethical considerations come to be entertained, is the arrival at a stage in which offensive war, by no means certain to further predominance of races fitted for a high social life, and certain to cause injurious moral reactions on the conquering as well as on the conquered, ceases to be justifiable; and only defensive war retains a quasi-ethical justification.

And here it is to be remarked that the self-subordination which defensive war involves, and the need for such qualification of the abstract principle of justice as it implies, belong to that transitional state necessitated by the physical force conflict of races; and that they must disappear when there is reached a peaceful state. That is to say, all questions concerning the extent of such qualifications pertain to what we distinguished as relative ethics; and are not recognized by that absolute ethics which is concerned with the principles of right conduct in a society formed of human beings fully adapted to social life.

This distinction I emphasize here because throughout succeeding chapters we shall find that recognition of it helps us to disentangle the involved problems of political ethics. HERBERT SPENCER.

From The Sunday Magazine.  
ZOE.

A STORY OF RURAL LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS TOOSEY'S MISSION," "TIP CAT," ETC.

#### CHAPTER VII.

It was near the end of September that John Gray broke his leg. They were thrashing out a wheat-rick at Farmer Benson's, and somehow he tumbled from the top of the rick and fell with his leg bent under him, and found that he could not stand when he tried to struggle up to his feet.

They ran to tell "his missus," who came straight off from the washtub, with the soapsuds still about her skinny red elbows, catching up Zoe from the cradle as she passed, at sight of whom Gray, in spite of the pain and the deadly faintness that was dimming his eyes and clutching his breath, made an effort to chirrup and snap his fingers at the little one.

"It's his innerds as is hurted," explained one of the bystanders, with that

wonderful openness and way of making the worst of everything that is found in that class.

"The spine of his back most like," said another, "like poor Johnson, over to Stokeley, as never walked another step arter his fall."

"Ay, he do look mortal bad! 'Tis a terrible bad job!"

"Cut off like a flower!" sighed one of the women. "There, bear up, my dear," to Mrs. Gray, with whom she had not been on, speaking terms for some weeks, owing to a few words about her cat's thieving propensities. "Don'tee take on! I knows well enough what you feels, as it is only three weeks since father was took with his fit."

"Don't be skeered, old gal," sounded Gray's voice, odd and unnatural to the ears of the hearers and far away and independent to himself, "I ain't so bad as that comes to——"

And then mercifully he became unconscious, for to go six miles with a broken leg in a cart without springs on the way to the hospital is not a joke, and the neighbors' kindly attempts to bring him round were happily unsuccessful. The worst part of that drive fell to the share of his wife, who sat holding his head on her lap as they jolted along, trying to keep the jars and bumps from jerking his leg, though all the time she firmly believed he was dead, and was already, in her dulled mind, making pitiful little arrangements about mourning and the funeral, and contemplating, with dreary equanimity, a widowed existence with three and sixpence a week for her and Tom and Bill and Zoe to live upon. She never left Zoe out of the calculation even when it became most difficult to adjust the number of mouths to be fed, with the amount of food to be put into them, and over this dark future fell the darker shadow of the workhouse, which closes the vista of life to most of the poor. No wonder they live entirely in the present, and shut their eyes persistently to the future!

There was not much going back into the past when she was a girl and "the master" a lad, and they went courting of a Sunday afternoon along the green lanes. Life had been too matter-of-fact and full of hard work to leave much sentiment even in memory.

Mr. Robins heard of the accident in the evening, and went up to the cottage, where he found Bill taking care of Zoe, who was having a fine time of it, having soon discovered that she had only to cry for any-

thing that evening to get it, and that it was an occasion for displaying a will of her own in the matter of going to bed, and being preternaturally wide awake and inclined for a game, when on other nights she was quite content to be laid down in the wooden cradle, which was rapidly becoming too small for her increasing size.

Poor Bill had been at school when the accident happened, and, of course, the neighbors had made the very worst of the matter, so the poor boy hardly knew what part of his father had not been crushed or injured, or if he had been killed on the spot, or had been taken barely alive to the hospital. The baby had been pushed into his arms so that he could not go up to the farm, nor find Tom to learn the rights of the matter, so that when Mr. Robins came into the cottage he found both Bill and the baby crying together, the fire out, and the kettle upset into the fender.

"Give me the child," the organist said. And Bill obeyed, as he did at the choir practice when he was told to pass a hymn-book, and too miserable to wonder much at this new aspect of his master, and at seeing him take the baby as if he knew all about it, and sit down in father's arm-chair.

"See if you can't make the fire burn up," he went on; "the child's cold."

Zoe seemed well content with her new nurse, and left off crying, and sat blinking gravely at the fire, which Bill, much relieved at having something definite to do, soon roused up to a sparkling, crackling blaze with some dry sticks; while Mr. Robins warmed her small, pink feet.

Bill would certainly have been surprised if he could have seen what was passing in the organist's mind, a proposal ripening into a firm resolve that he would take the child home that very night and tell Jane who she was. Let the village talk as it might, he did not mind; let them say what they pleased.

He knew enough of village reports to guess that Gray was not as badly hurt as every one declared; but still, even a trifling accident meant, at any rate, a week or two of very short commons at the cottage, perhaps less milk for the baby or economy over fuel, and the September days were growing cold and raw, and there had been more than one frost in the mornings, and the baby's little toes were cold to his warm hand. Mrs. Gray, too, would be occupied and taken up with her husband, and little Zoe would be pushed about from one to another, and he had heard that there was scarlatina about, and the

relieving officer had been telling him that very morning how careless the people were about infection.

The cottage looked quite different in the blazing firelight, and Bill, encouraged by the organist's presence, tidied up the place, where the washtub stood just as Mrs. Gray had left it; and he set the kettle on to boil, so that when Mrs. Gray and Tom came in it presented quite a comfortable appearance. Mrs. Gray came in tired and tearful, but decidedly hopeful, having left Gray comfortably in bed with his leg set, and having received re-assuring opinions from nurse and doctor; and the first alarm and apprehension being removed, there was a certain feeling of importance in her position as wife of the injured man, and excitement at a visit to the country town, both ways in a cart, which does not happen often in a lifetime.

The baby, thanks to the warmth and Mr. Robins's nursing, had fallen asleep in his arms. Mrs. Gray was so much confused and bewildered by the events of the day that she would hardly have been surprised to see the queen with the crown on her head sitting there in the master's arm-chair, quite at home like, and holding the baby on one arm and the sceptre on the other; and Tom was of too phlegmatic a disposition to be surprised at anything. So they made no remark, and Mr. Robins laid the baby, still asleep, in Bill's arms, and went away.

Such a beautiful, quiet September night, with great, soft stars overhead, and the scent of fallen leaves in the air, the path beneath his feet was soft with them, and as he passed under the elms which by daylight were a blaze of sunny gold, some leaves dropped gently on his head.

"To-morrow," he said, "I will bring little Zoe home, and I will let her mother — I will let Edith know that the child is with me, and that if she likes —" It needed but a word he felt sure to bring the mother to the baby, the daughter to her father.

He stood for a moment by the church-yard gate, close to the spot where that bitter, cruel parting had been, and fancied what the meeting would be. After all, what was his feeling for little Zoe, and his imagination of what his little grandchild would be to him in the future to the delight of having Edith's arms round his neck and holding her to his heart once more.

"Edith," he whispered softly, as he turned away; "Edith, come home!"

"I wonder," he said to Jane Sands that

night; "I wonder if you could find out an address for me?"

She was folding up the tablecloth, and she stopped with a puzzled look.

"An address? Whose?"

"Well," he said, without looking at her, "I fancy there are still some of the Blakes (the word came out with a certain effort) living at Bilton, and perhaps you could find out from them the address I want; or, perhaps," he added quickly, for she understood now, and eager words were on her lips, "perhaps you know. There! never mind now, if you know you can tell me to-morrow."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

MORNING very often brings other counsels, but this was not the case with Mr. Robins, for when he got up next day he was more than ever resolved to carry out his intention of bringing little Zoe home and letting her mother know that a welcome awaited her in her old home.

He had not slept very much during the night, for his mind had been too full of the change that was coming in his life, and of the difference that the presence of Edith and little Zoe would make in the dull old house. Sad and worn and altered was she! Ah! that would soon pass away with kindness and care and happiness, and the cough that had sounded so hollow and ominous should be nursed away, and Edith should be a girl again, a girl as she ought to be yet by right of her years; and those five years of suffering and estrangement should be altogether forgotten as if they had never been.

He went into the bedroom next his that had been Edith's — that was to be Edith's again — and, looking round it, noticed with satisfaction that Jane had kept it just as it had been in the old days, and he pushed the bed a little to one side to make room for a cot to stand beside it, a cot which he remembered in the night as having stood for years in the lumber-room up in the roof, and which he now with much difficulty dragged out from behind some heavy boxes, and fitted together, wishing there had been time to give it a coat of paint, and yet glad with a tremulous sort of gladness that there was not, seeing that it would be wanted that very night.

And just then Jane Sands came up to call him to breakfast, and stood looking from the cot to her master's dusty coat, with such a look of delighted comprehension on her face that the organist felt that no words were needed to prepare her for what was going to happen.

"I thought," he said, "it had better be brought down."

"Where shall it go?" she asked.

"In Miss — in the room next mine," he said, "and it will want a good airing."

"Shall I make up the bed too?" she asked.

"Yes, you may as well."

"Oh, master," she said, the tears shaking in her voice and shining in her eyes; "will they be wanted soon? Will they, maybe, be wanted to-night?"

His own voice felt suspiciously shaky; his own eyes could not see the old cot, nor Jane's beaming face quite plainly, so he only gave a gruff assent and turned away.

"What a good, kind creature she is," he thought. "What a welcome she will give Edith and Edith's little Zoe!"

During the morning he heard her up in the room sweeping and scrubbing, as if for these five years it had been left a prey to dust and dirt, and when he went out after dinner to give a lesson at Bilton, she was still at it with an energy worthy of a woman half her age.

That stupid little girl at Bilton, who generally found her music lesson such an intolerable weariness to the flesh, and was conscious that it was no less so to her teacher, found the half-hour to-day quite pleasant. Mr. Robins had never been so kind and cheerful, quite amusing, laughing at her mistakes, and allowing her to play just the things she knew best, and to get up in the middle of the lesson to go to the window and see a long procession of gipsy vans going by to Smithurst fair.

It was such a very beautiful day; perhaps it was this that produced such a good effect on the organist's temper. There had been a frost that morning, but it was not enough to strip the trees, but only to turn the elms a richer gold, and the beeches a warmer red, and the oaks a ruddier brown, while in the hedges the purple dog-wood, and hawthorn and bramble leaves made a wonderful variety of rich tints in the full bright sunshine, which set the birds twittering with a momentary delusion that it might be spring.

He did not come back over the hill, and past the Grays' cottage, for he was going to fetch the child that evening; but he came home by the road, meeting many more of those gipsy vans, which had distracted his pupil's attention, and looking with kindness on the swarthy men and bronze, dark-eyed women, for the sake of little Zoe, who had been so often called the gipsy baby.

When he reached home he found the room prepared with all the care Jane Sands could lavish. He had thought when he went in that morning that it was just as Edith had left it, and all in the most perfect order; but now the room was a bower of daintiness and cleanliness, and all Edith's old treasures had been set out in the very order she used to arrange them—why! even her brush and comb were laid ready on the dressing table, and a pair of slippers by the bedside, and a little bunch of autumn anemones and czar violets was placed in a little glass beside her books. He smiled, but with tears in his eyes, as he saw all these loving preparations.

"Edith can hardly be here to-night," he said to himself, "but Zoe will." And he smoothed the pillow of the cot close to the bedside, and drew the curtain more closely over its head.

He found his tea set ready for him when he came down, but Jane Sands had gone out, and he was rather glad of it, as she had watched him that morning with an eager, expectant eye, and he did not know what to say to her. It would be easier when he brought the baby and actually put it into her arms.

The sun had set when he had finished tea, a blaze of splendor settling down into dull purple and dead orange, leaving a stripe of pale-green sky over the horizon, flecked with a few soft brown clouds tinged with red.

But envious night hastened to cover up and deaden the colors of the sky, and the almost equally gorgeous tints of tree and hedge; and by the time Mr. Robins reached the Grays' cottage, darkness had settled down as deep as on that evening four months ago, when he carried the baby and left it there.

Now, as then, the cottage door was open, and Mrs. Gray sat at work with the candle close to her elbow, every now and then giving a long sniff or a sigh, that made the tallow candle flicker and tremble. He had almost forgotten her husband's accident in his absorption in the baby; but these sniffs recalled it to his mind, and he thought he would give them a helping hand while Gray was in the hospital.

"She has been kind to my little Zoe," he thought, "and I will not forget it in a hurry. She shall come and see the child whenever she likes; and Edith will be good to her, for she has been like a mother to the baby all these months."

Close by where Mrs. Gray sat he could see the foot of the old cradle and the

rocker within reach of the woman's foot; but Zoe must be asleep, for there was no rocking necessary, and Mrs. Gray did not turn from her work to look at the child, though she stopped from time to time to wipe her eyes on her apron.

"She is taken up with her husband," he said to himself, "it is as well that I am going to take the child away, as she will have no thought to give her now."

And then he went into the cottage, with a tap on the open door to announce his presence.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Gray," he said in a subdued voice, so as not to wake the baby. But he might have spared himself this precaution, for the next glance showed him that the cradle was empty.

"Lord bless you, Mr. Robins," the woman said, "you give me quite a start, coming in so quiet like. But, there! I'm all of a tremble, the leastest thing do terrify me. You might knock me down with a feather. First one thing and then another! The master yesterday and the baby to-day!"

"What!" he said, so sharp and sudden that it stopped the flow of words for a moment. "What do you mean? Is the baby in bed up-stairs? What's the matter? It's not the scarlatina? Not——"

"Bless you!" she said, "why I thought you'd a-knowed. It ain't the scarlatina, the baby was as well and bonnie as ever when she went. She've agone, her mother come and fetch her this very day, and took her right off. Ay! but she were pleased to see how the little thing had got on, and she said as she'd never forget my kindness, and how she'd bring her to see me whenever she come this way. But, there! I do miss her terrible. Why, it's most worse than the master himself."

The organist hardly listened to what she was saying after the fact of the mother having come and fetched her away. Edith had come for her baby! How had she known? Why had she done it to-day? Could Jane have let her know? And had she come so quickly to take the child herself to her old home? His first impulse was to turn and hasten home; perhaps Edith and Zoe were there already, and would find him absent. But he could not go without a word to Mrs. Gray, who was wiping her eyes in her apron and unconsciously rocking the empty cradle.

"You will often see her," he said consolingly, "she will not be very far away."

"Oh, I don't know about that, them gipsies go all over the place, up and down the country, and they don't always come

back for the fairs; though she says as they don't often miss Smithurst."

"Gipsies?" he said, puzzled.

"Ay, the mother's a gipsy sure enough, and I've said it all along, and the child's the very image of her; there wasn't no doubt when one saw the two together as they was mother and child."

"Are you sure she was a gipsy?" He had often said in fun that Edith was a regular little gipsy, but he would never have thought that any one could really mistake her for one, and besides, Mrs. Gray must have known Edith well enough at any rate by sight in the old days; and changed as she was, it was not beyond all recognition.

"Oh, there wasn't no mistaking, and the van as she belonged to waited just outside the village, for I went down along with her and seed it, painted yellor with red wheels. I knowed Zoe was gipsy born, for she'd one of them charms round her neck as I didn't meddle with, for they do say as there's a deal of power in them things, and that gipsies can't be drowned or ketch fevers and things as long as they keeps 'em."

Mr. Robins sat down in the chair opposite Mrs. Gray, an odd, cold sort of apprehension was stealing over him, and the pleasant dream of home and Edith and Zoe, in which he had been living through the day, was fading away with every word the woman said.

"The funny part of it were that she vowed and declared as she put the child at your door, and never came this way at all; leastways, from what she said it must abeen your house, for she said it was hard by the church and had a thick hedge, and that there was a kind sorter body as she see there in the morning, as must abeen Mrs. Sands and nobody else from her account. She said she was in a heap of trouble just then, her husband ill and a deal more, and she was pretty nigh at her wit's end, and that without thinking twice what she were about, she wropt the baby up and laid it close agin the door of the house where she'd seen the kind-looking body. She would have it as it was there, say what I would; but, maybe, poor soul, she were mazed, and hardly knew where she were. She went to your house to-day, and Mrs. Sands were quite put out with her, being busy too, and expecting company, and thought it were just her impudence; but there! I knows what trouble is, and how it just mazes a body, for I could no more tell where I went nor what I did yesterday than that table there.

And another queer thing is as she didn't know nothing about the name, and neither she nor her husband can't read or write noways, so she couldn't have wrote it down, and she'd never heard tell of such a name as Zoe, and didn't like it neither. She'd always amean't it to be Rachael, as had been her mother's name before her and her grandmother's too."

"Are you quite certain she was the mother?"

"Certain! Why, you'd only to see the two together to be sure of it. I'd not have let her go, not were it ever so, if it hadn't been as clear as daylight; and just now too, when I seems to want her for a bit of comfort." And here Mrs. Gray relapsed into her apron.

Mr. Robins sat for a minute looking at her in silence, and then got up, and without a word went out into the dark night, mechanically taking the way to his house, and then turning on to the highroad to Smithurst, tramping along through the mud and dead leaves with a dull, heavy persistence.

Anything was better than going back to the empty silence of his house and Jane Sands's expectant face, and the pretty, white curtained room with the cot all ready for little Zoe, who was already miles away along that dark road before him, sleeping, perhaps, in some dirty gipsy van put up on some bit of waste land by the roadside, or, perhaps, surrounded by the noise and glare of the fair with its shows and roundabouts. His little Zoe! He could not possibly have been so utterly deceived all through; the baby who had lain on his bed, whose little face he had felt as he carried her up to the Grays' cottage in the dark, whom he had seen day after day, and never failed to notice the likeness, growing stronger with the child's growth. Was it all a delusion? all the foolish fancy of a fond old man? He tried hard to believe that it was impossible that he could have been so deceived, and yet from the very first he felt that it was so, and that the love that had been growing in his heart all these months had been lavished on a gipsy baby whose face most likely he should never see again.

And all his plans for the future, his dreams of reparation, of tender reconciliation with Edith, and of happy, peaceful days that would obliterate the memory of past trouble and alienation, they had all vanished with the gipsy baby; life was as empty as the cradle by Mrs. Gray's side.

Where was he to find his daughter? Where had she wandered that night when



the pitiless rain fell and the sullen wind moaned? Was that the last he should ever see of her, with the white, wan, pleading face under the yew-tree? And would that despairing voice, saying "Father!" haunt his ears till his dying day? And would the wailing cry that followed him as he went to his house that night be the only thing he should ever know of his grandchild, the real little Zoe whom he had rejected?

He was several miles away along the Smithurst road when he first realized what he was doing, brought to the consciousness, perhaps, by the fact of being weary and footsore and wet through from a fine rain that had begun falling soon after he had left the village. It must be getting late too; many of the cottages he passed showed no light from the windows, the inmates most likely being in bed.

Painfully and wearily he toiled back to Downside; he seemed to have no spirit left to contend against even such trifling things as mud and inequalities in the road, and when a bramble straying from the hedge caught his coat and tore it, he could almost have cried in feeble vexation of spirit. Downside Street was all dark and quiet, but from the organist's house a light shone out from the open door and down the garden path, making a patch of light on the wet road.

Some one stood peering out into the darkness, and, at the sound of his dragging, stumbling footsteps, Jane Sands ran down to the gate. The long waiting had made her anxious, for she was breathless and trembling with excitement.

"Where have you been?" she said; "we got so frightened. Why are you so late? Oh, dearie me!" as she caught sight of his face. "You're ill! Something has happened! There, come in, doee now; you look fit to drop!"

He pushed by her almost roughly into the house, and dropped down wearily into the armchair. He was too worn out and exhausted to notice anything, even the warmth and comfort of the bright fire and the supper ready on the table. He tossed his soaked hat on the ground, and leaning his elbows on his knees and his head on his hands, sat bowed down with the feeling of utter wretchedness.

Day after day, night after night, till his life's end, plenty and comfort and neatness and respectability and warmth in dull monotony, while outside somewhere in the cold and rain, in poverty and want and wretchedness, wandered Edith with the wailing baby in her arms.

"You can go to bed," he said to Jane Sands; "I don't want any supper."

She drew back and went softly out of the room, but some one else was standing there looking down at the bowed white head with eyes fuller even of pity and tears than Jane's had been, and then she, too, left the room, and with a raised finger to Jane, who was waiting in the passage, she went up-stairs and, as if the way were well known to her, to the little room which had been got ready so uselessly for the organist's daughter.

There, sheltered by the bed curtain, was the cot where Zoe was to have lain, and there, wonderful to relate, a child's dark head might be seen, deep in the soft pillow, deeper in soft sleep.

And then this strangely presuming intruder in the organist's house softly took up the sleeping child, and wrapping a shawl round it, carried it, still sleeping, down-stairs, the dark lashes resting on the round cheek flushed with sleep and of a fairer tint than gipsy Zoe's, and the rosy mouth half open.

The organist still sat with his head in his hands, and did not stir as she entered, not even when she came and knelt down on the hearth in front of him.

Jane Sands was unusually tiresome tonight, he thought; why could she not leave him alone?

And then against his cold hands clasped over his face was laid something soft and warm and tender, surely a little child's hand! and a voice (a voice he had never thought to hear again till maybe it sounded as his accuser before the throne of grace) said: "Father, for Zoe's sake."

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From The Contemporary Review.  
THE RESULTS OF EUROPEAN INTERCOURSE WITH THE AFRICAN.

BY JOSEPH THOMSON.

ONE of the most remarkable features of the century has been the phenomenal interest displayed in all things African. One dramatic surprise has followed another, and each new tale has seemed more romantic than anything heard before. The popular imagination has been touched by the varied story of the dark continent to an unprecedented extent. It has been a story which has appealed in trumpet tones to the philanthropist as well as to the mere lover of adventure, to the merchant as well as to the geographer, and to

the Christian missionary eager for the spread of Christ's kingdom as well as to the patriotic politician anxious for his nation's aggrandizement.

Frightful wrongs to be wiped out, deeds of high emprise to be achieved, virgin countries to be commercially exploited, valuable scientific discoveries to be made, myriads of people steeped in the grossest idolatry, and regions more or less capable of colonization, where no civilized flag floats — these are some of the varied elements which have thrown a glamor and fascination over Africa, and taken men's minds captive.

People are ever most easily swayed by that which touches the feelings and imagination, and to these Africa has been appealing in ever new and startling ways for nearly a century, causing Christendom to tingle with its name. Not the least interesting feature of the public interest shown in the dark continent is the apparently unselfish form it takes. The very atmosphere is electric with schemes, religious, philanthropic, and commercial, for the exclusive benefit of the negro. From a thousand platforms and pulpits rises a clamor of voices, in which we hear with never-ending iteration the popular watch-words of the day: civilization, progress, the good of the negro, legitimate commerce, conversion of the heathen, and other high-sounding phrases, all having relation to the good things to be done for the African.

The company promoter equally with the private trader freely sprinkles his prospectuses or his conversation with glowing accounts of the great benefits which the African is to derive from further intercourse with commercial Europe. We are told to picture as the result — the negro clothed and in his right mind, alternately sitting at the feet of the missionary and of the trader; learning from the one the truths of a higher and better life, and from the other acquiring the arts of civilization.

We never hear now of the trader who goes to Africa with the merely selfish object of making his fortune. Each and all have become "pioneers of civilization," thinking only of the native first, and of self afterwards. Imbued with these notions as to the aim, character, and results of our mission, we daily burn incense to our noble selves and ask the world to remark the glorious work we have accomplished. We speak as if the good to the native had been enormous, and our intercourse with him an unmitigated benefit

and blessing. We look back with pride to our sacrifices in the suppression of the slave-trade, and point to our west coast settlements as centres of secular light and leading, to our numerous missionary stations as stars twinkling in the night of heathendom with a heaven-sent light, to the returns of our trade, increasing with every new entrance to the heart of the country, as showing the spread of our beneficent influence.

We see clearly that the work of other nations has been pernicious in the extreme, that they have been brutal in their dealings with native races, and have thought only of their own sordid interests and national aggrandizement — all in marked contrast, we think, to our own aims and methods. That they resent this, however, may be seen in any daily paper, each being equally well convinced of the purity of its motives and the disinterestedness of its ends.

Among no people have the magic words, progress and civilization, been more persistently used than among the French. It has been in their interests, too, that the Germans have levelled every town on the east coast, and bespattered the ruins and the jungles with the life-blood of their inhabitants. It was under their banner that Major Serpa Pinto advanced up the Shiré and slaughtered the Makololo, who did not perceive he came for their good. In fact, it is the same with all the European nations. Whatever has been done by them in Africa, has been at the dictates of civilization and for the good of the negro, while, as if not content with that, more than one leader of African enterprise, on looking back over his blood and ruin-marked path, has seen the evidence of a guidance and support more than human.

But we must not suppose that this spirit of philanthropy, Christian chivalry and altruism, of which we now hear so much, is of entirely modern growth, and that the good of the African was never thought of previous to our day. Quite the contrary, in fact. It was the Portuguese who alike instituted African exploration and Christian enterprise among the natives. Early in the fifteenth century they commenced that marvellous career of discovery which stopped not till they had crept with ever-growing boldness and experience to the southernmost point of the continent, and, rounding the Cape, pushed on to the conquest of the Indies. But it was a career inspired by no mere sordid motives. The desire to do noble and worthy deeds, to extend the Portuguese empire, and with it

the kingdom of God, were the underlying exciting causes. Each new discovery of heathen lands gave a new impetus to the vigorous missionary enthusiasm of the time, till it rose to a pitch never surpassed.

No outward bound ship was complete without its complement of ardent missionaries vowed to the cause of Christ, and before the close of the sixteenth century a chain of missionary posts surrounded almost the entire coast-line of Africa, and, especially in the Congo and Zambesi regions, extended far into the interior. That was the glorious period of Portuguese history, when, still animated by the highest Christian and chivalrous motives, and untainted by the frightful national diseases which soon afterwards attacked her, Portugal carried on a noble work among the African natives.

That period unhappily was short. Between Philip II. of Spain by land, and the Dutch and ourselves at sea, Portugal as a nation was nearly extinguished. With her political glory and lustre went all else that was great and noble, till, lagging behind in the current of life, she was isolated from its healthy movement, and in Africa became the noxious malaria-breeding backwater we have so long known her to be.

With the fall of Portugal from her high estate there occurs a significant blank in the brighter aspect of European intercourse with Africa. Of such aspect, in fact, there was not a glimmer, for England, Spain, Portugal, France, and Holland were hard at work in perpetrating upon Africa one of the most gigantic crimes that has ever stained a nation's history. For two centuries that crime grew in magnitude and far-reaching consequences of the most direful description. Government, Churches, and people alike seemed unconscious of the frightful wrongs that were being committed — wrongs far exceeding any in the annals of Roman despots or Eastern tyrants. Happily, the conscience of Europe was only masked, not dead. The end of the last century heard the awakening voice, and, once made conscious of the national sin, Britain arose and ended its connection with the traffic in human flesh and blood.

Meanwhile an association was being organized, which was destined to commence a new chapter in African history. This was the African Association, whose object was the exploration of the interior of the continent, which till the end of last century had lain an almost absolutely un-

known land to Europe. Their first successful man was Mungo Park, and to him belongs the honor of pioneering the way, and starting that marvellous series of expeditions, the last of which is even now filling the daily papers.

The end of last and the beginning of this century was a period fraught with great things for the future of Africa. It saw not only the abolition of the slave-trade and the commencement of the exploration of the continent, but also the landing of the first Protestant missionaries. It seemed, indeed, as if Europe was determined to pay off the moral debt it had incurred.

Traveller followed traveller, each more eager than the other to open up the dark places of the continent. Ninety out of the hundred became martyrs to their zeal, but there was no dearth of volunteers; fifty were ready where one fell. In each one's instructions were the magic words, "opening up of Africa to commerce and civilization." The benefit of the natives was always mentioned alongside the prospective good to the traveller's country, if such and such objects were achieved. Each narrative of successful exploration breathed the same spirit, telling how the traveller had not toiled and suffered in vain if he had done something in the interests of civilization and the common cause of humanity.

Nor was missionary enterprise behind in this race to do deeds worthy of a Christian people. Long and terrible has been the death-roll of those who have perished in its cause; but it has illustrated the saying that "the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church."

Thus, almost from the first, now four hundred years ago, to the last, the good of the negro has ever held a foremost place in the programme of African expeditions. During that long period, European commerce has exercised its influence with ever-widening effect, while more directly hundreds of lives and untold sums of money have been spent in the single-minded hope that the heathen might be brought within the educating sphere of Christianity. In addition to all this active agitation we have to take into consideration the incalculable effect of mere example; of simple contact with the European; the sight of his mode of life; his dress, houses, and all the amenities of civilized life.

And now let us ask, what has been the net result of all this? these direct and indirect efforts and sacrifices, and all this

intercourse between the European and the African?

The impression to be acquired from our daily papers, our missionary magazines, and from pulpit and platform oratory is, that the beneficent effects are enormous.

Unhappily, my conclusions on the subject have not been obtained from such sources, and I cannot share this rose-colored view. Over the whole of east central Africa, from north of the equator to Mozambique, from the Indian Ocean to the Congo, and along the whole of the west coast from the Gambia to the Cameroons, I have been enabled to see for myself the nature of those effects, and to draw my own conclusions. The result has been, as it were, to put a pin into the beautiful iridescent bubble I had blown for myself in common with the rest of the world, from the materials supplied by the ignorant, the interested, the color-blind, and the hopelessly biased.

Taking a bird's-eye view of the whole situation in time and space, so that each factor may assume its proper relative position and proportion, I unhesitatingly affirm in the plainest language that, so far, our intercourse with African races, instead of being a blessing, has been little better than an unmitigated curse to them. A closer and more detailed examination reveals many bright points in the night-like darkness, full of promise undoubtedly, and capable of bursting into sunlike splendor, but as yet little more than potential, mere promise of the may be—not of what is, or has been.

These are strong statements, and require confirmation. If true, what can possibly have caused this frightful miscarriage of the noblest aspirations of a Christian people? The answer is simply, the nature of our commerce with Africa in the past and present. To the slave-trade, the gin-trade, and that in gunpowder and guns may be ascribed the frightful evils we have brought upon the negro race, beside which the good we have tried to achieve is hardly discernible.

We have already seen with what high and noble objects the first Portuguese explorers set forth on their career of conquest and discovery. Their motto might be said to be for God and king. Only too soon, however, the lust for gold followed that of conquest. The people who had gone forth to the reaping of souls soon commenced a harvest of a very different kind. As early as the year 1503 they despatched their first batch of human beings to work in the Spanish plantations

of South America. Once started, the traffic grew by leaps and bounds. By 1511 the Spaniards had joined in the profitable business, though there were not wanting enlightened men who fought consistently against it as alien to the Christian spirit. Among these was Cardinal Ximenes, the regent during the minority of Charles V. The French government, with Louis XIII. at its head, was duped by assurances that the main object of the traffic was to facilitate the conversion of the poor African to Christianity, and, thus imposed upon, gave its sanction.

Queen Elizabeth, more incredulous, even after being assured that the traffic was for the welfare of the negroes, and for the most part rescuing them from a cruel death, while they themselves were eager to emigrate to happier lands, expressed her concern lest any of "the Africans should be carried off without their free consent, declaring that it would be detestable, and call down the vengeance of Heaven upon its undertakers."

The slave-trade was thus not started in absolute ignorance or absence of a consciousness of its frightfully criminal nature. Enlightened opinion was against it, but it was an opinion easily hoodwinked and overruled, and, once started, the trade increased at an enormous rate.

For quite three hundred years the unfortunate natives were treated as wild beasts intended for the use of higher races. As wild beasts and things accursed they were shot down in myriads that others might be enslaved and transformed into the beasts of burden, hewers of wood and drawers of water of Europeans. The whole land was transformed into an arena of murder and bloodshed that our markets might be supplied, our plantations tilled. Chiefs were tempted to sell their subjects, mothers their children, men their wives; tribe was set against tribe, and village against village. Between Portugal, Spain, France, and Britain many millions of people were transported to the American plantations. Before that number could be landed in America several millions more must have succumbed *en route*, and untold myriads been shot down in the raids in which they were captured.

Twenty millions of human beings probably under-estimates the number of killed and captured for European gain, and his was not the most fortunate fate who lived to become a slave. For him was reserved the spectacle of slaughtered relatives and a ruined home; for him the slave-path, with all its horrors—chains, the slave-

stick, the lash, the killing load and toilsome march, the starvation fare, and every species of exposure and hardship. For him also were all the horrors of the middle passage in European ships, and but slight was the improvement in his experiences when, knocked down in auction to the highest bidder, he was transferred to the plantation.

It may be urged that this is now an old story, that the slave-trade is a thing of the past, and that we at least, as a nation, have atoned for our participation in it by enormous sacrifices of money.

If compensating the slaveholders means atonement, then we may rest in peace. But where is the compensation to Africa for the frightful legacy of crime and degradation we have left behind? Where is the reparation and atonement for the millions torn from their homes, and the millions massacred, for a land laid waste, for the further warping of the rudimentary moral ideas of myriads of people, and the driving of them into tenfold lower depths of savagery than they had ever known before?

For answer, it will no doubt be said that "legitimate commerce" has replaced the vile traffic in human flesh and blood. Still the same old story—legitimate commerce—magic words which give such an attractive glamor to whatever can creep under their shelter—words which have too often blinded a gullible public to the most shameful and criminal transactions. There are still those who believe that every trading station, once the slave-traffic was stopped, became a beacon of light and leading, beneath whose kindling beams the darkness of heathen barbarism was bound to disappear. The truth of the matter is that, taken as a whole, our trading stations on the greater part of the west coast of Africa, instead of being centres of beneficent and elevating influences, have been in the past disease-breeding spots which have infected with a blighting and demoralizing poison the whole country around. They have been sources of corruption where men have coined money out of the moral and physical ruin of the nations and tribes they have supplied.

What has been the character of this so-called legitimate commerce? It consisted, to an enormous extent, of a traffic in vile spirits and weapons of destruction—the one ruining the buyers, the other enabling them to slaughter their neighbors. It is a trade which commenced in congenial union with that in slaves. In exchange for Africa's human flesh and

blood, the best England could give was gin, rum, gunpowder, guns, and tobacco. With these combined we intensified every barbarous and bloodthirsty propensity in the negro's nature, while arousing new bestial appetites calculated to land him in a lower depth of squalor and degradation.

With the stoppage of the slave-trade the gin-traffic only received a more powerful stimulus. To its propagation all the energies of the traders were devoted. For spirits there was already a huge demand, and it was increasing out of all proportion to the taste for better things. It required no exertions on the part of the merchants to set it agoing, and once started it grew and spread of itself without any danger of its stopping. The profits, too, were enormous and certain, because the appetite for drink had to be assuaged, no matter what the price. Yet in all conscience the pleasures of intoxication are not expensive in west Africa. Over the doorway of hundreds of traders' houses might be hung the signboard of Hogarth's picture, "Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence," only the "clean straw for nothing" would have to be left out. With the traffic in useful articles it was entirely different. To push it was a slow and laborious task, and the profits were uncertain, which did not suit men who wanted to make money rapidly.

The result of this state of matters is that the diabolical work commenced by the slave-trade has been effectually carried on and widened by that in spirits. I for one am inclined to believe that the latter is producing greater—and what are likely to be quite as lasting—evils than the former. The spirit traffic has a more brutalizing effect; it more effectually blights all the native's energies, it ruins his constitution, and, through the habits it gives rise to, his lands are left as desolate as after a slave raid.

What are the most characteristic European imports into west Africa? Gin, rum, gunpowder, and guns. What European articles are most in demand? The same. In what light do the natives look upon the Europeans? Why, as makers and sellers of spirits and guns. What largely supports the governmental machinery of that region? Still the same articles.

The ships which trade to Africa are loaded with gin out of all proportion to more useful articles; the warehouses along the coast are filled with it. The air seems to reek with the vile stuff, and every hut is redolent of its fumes. Gin bottles and boxes meet the eye at every step, and in



some places the wealth and importance of the various villages are measured by the size of the pyramids of empty gin-bottles which they erect to their own honor and glory and the envy of poorer districts. Over large areas it is almost the sole currency, and in many parts the year's wages of the negro factory workers is paid in spirits, with which they return home to enjoy a few days of fiendish debauch.

Outside such towns as Sierra Leone and Lagos, which, thanks to special circumstances, form small oases in the wild wastes of barbarism, not the slightest evidence is to be found that the natives have been influenced for good by European intercourse. Everywhere the tendency is seen to be in the line of deterioration. Instead of a people "white unto harvest" crying to the Churches, "Come over and help us;" to the merchant, "We have oil and rubber, grain and ivory—give us in exchange your cloth and your cutlery;" or to the philanthropist, "We are able and willing to work, only come and show us the way"—in place of such appeals, the one outcry is for more gin, tobacco, and gunpowder. To walk through a village on the Kru Coast is like a horrible nightmare—the absolute squalor of the huts, the uncultivated lands—the brutality and vice of their owners, is without a parallel in the untouched lands of the interior. There, women and children, with scarcely a rag on their filthy besotted persons, follow one about eagerly beseeching a little gin or tobacco. Eternally gin and tobacco, hardly the slightest evidence of a desire for anything higher.

Our west African settlements instead of being, as they should, bright jewels in the crown of England, are at this day—thanks to our methods of dealing with them—standing monuments to our disgrace. Everything tending to the elevation of the unhappy people who inhabit them has been blighted. We have done everything in our power to suppress all habits of industry and stop the development of the resources of the country. We have made sure that no healthy tastes, no varied wants, should be aroused. The result is now seen in the backward condition of the settlements, and the fact that the west coast negro has been transformed into the most villanous, treacherous, and vicious being in the whole of Africa.

That a similar downgrade result is likely to be the outcome of the opening up and exploration of east Africa is only too apparent. Some three years ago, in lecturing on Africa and the liquor traffic, I had

occasion to draw a happy contrast between the beneficial results on the east coast under the Mohammedan rule of the sultan of Zanzibar, and the deleterious effects of European rule on the west side of the continent. Since that time a great political change has come over the eastern region. The Germans, after shamefully setting aside the rights of the sultan, have commenced their civilizing career. Towns have been demolished and hundreds of lives sacrificed. Our mission stations and all the carefully nurtured germs of thirty years of unselfish work have been more or less blighted.

It would be something if we could think that we had seen the worst; but we cannot forget that the Germans are almost the sole manufacturers of gin, that their merchants are quite as keen to make money as ours, while considerably behind us in their views as to native rights; and when, in addition, it is remembered that at the Berlin Conference it was the Germans who strenuously opposed the prohibition of the liquor traffic on the Congo and the Niger, we cannot by any means be hopeful of their future action in their newly acquired territories.

It is indeed almost certain that, as soon as they have pacified the natives by means of copious blood-letting, they will continue their work of civilization by the introduction of the gin-traffic which the last Mohammedan ruler prohibited. They will find a ready market, for palm wine has already inoculated the inhabitants with a taste for intoxicating liquors. In a few years the work of the fatherland will be made manifest to the world by a great development in the value of the imports to their new conquest, which, to those who can read between the lines, will be a measure of the rate at which the ruin and demoralization of the natives is proceeding.

As a nation we have a moral duty laid on us to prevent this same European crime. We ourselves assisted the Germans to take the sultan of Zanzibar's territories, and therefore we are in some measure responsible for what they do. In east Africa there is no vested interest in the trade to consider. As yet it has got no footing. There is not even any demand for it. It would be well if some action could be taken which would ensure that it never did get a footing. If the Germans are wise they will not sacrifice the future well-being of their new settlements to any consideration of present and immediate profit. But that is almost too much to

expect. Certainly we have seen nothing in the past methods of the Germans to make us hope much, and, unhappily, we cannot come to them with clean hands to offer them advice.

It may be urged that in this survey of the results of European intercourse with the African I am only showing the dark side of the picture. Perfectly true, because there is no bright one as seen in the bird's-eye view I have been taking. What is a missionary here and there compared with the thousand agents of commerce who, with untiring and unscrupulous industry, dispense wholesale the deadly products in such great demand? What is a Bible, or a bale of useful goods, in opposition to the myriad cases of gin, the thousand guns which compete with them? What chance has a Christian virtue where the soil is so suitable for European vice — where, for every individual influenced for good by merchant or missionary, there are a thousand caught up in the Styx-like flood of spirit-poison and swept off helplessly to perdition?

It would, however, be presenting an entirely misleading picture of the situation were I to restrict myself to the distant and general prospect. As already said, a closer and more detailed examination reveals many bright points in the night-like darkness. Of these none scintillate with a more promising light than the enterprises of the Christian missionary. And yet, however promising for the future, when we look around and see with what rapid strides the emissaries of Islam have made their influence felt throughout the whole of the central and western Soudan, and left the mental and spiritual impress of their civilization upon the natives, we cannot but sadly wonder at the comparatively small headway that their Christian rivals have made against the sodden mass of heathendom. As compared with the progress of Mohammedanism in Africa, Christianity in these lands has been practically at a standstill. Wherever Mohammedan seed has been sown there it has taken root, and there it has remained to flourish with a vigorous grip of the soil which nothing can destroy. The same cannot be said of Christian seed; it has ever been as a delicate exotic, difficult to plant, more difficult to rear, and ever requiring outside support and watering.

What, then, is the secret of this discouraging state of matters? It cannot be for lack of good men and true. Of such there have been hundreds — men who have been possessed with the very highest ideals of

duty, and who have literally burned out their lives in the ardor of their missionary enterprise.

The explanation is simply this: Mohammedanism has succeeded because of its elasticity and its adaptability to the peoples it sought to convert. It has asked of the heathen negro apparently so little, and yet, in reality, so much, considering what he is; for in that little lie the germs of a great spiritual revolution. In fact, it is in a manner because of its very inferiority as a religion — looked at from our standpoint — that it has succeeded; and because it has just presented that amount of good which the negro could comprehend and assimilate. Moreover, the Mohammedan missionaries have been like the natives themselves — men who spoke the same language, lived the same life.

On the other hand, the Christian worker has accomplished so little because he has tried to do so much. He has seldom comprehended the problems he has had to face. His education has rarely been adapted to the work before him, and filled with much enthusiasm and ardor and more erroneous ideas, he has gone forth too often to do little more than throw away his life with but small result to the cause he has at heart.

The missionary, as a rule, has ignored the fact that men's minds can only assimilate ideas in proportion to their stage of development. He acts as if he could in a single generation transform a being at the foot of the ladder of human life into a civilized individual, and raise a degraded heathen at a stroke to the European spiritual level. Filled with such beliefs, he has ever attempted, in defiance of all common sense, to graft Christianity in its entirety upon undeveloped brutish brains. Instead of taking a lesson from his successful Mohammedan brother-worker in the mission-field, and simplifying the presentation of the Gospel truth, he has generally done his best to stupefy his hearers with views and doctrines which have been beyond their spiritual comprehension.

It has rarely occurred to him that he had better, like the Mohammedan, sow one good seed which will grow and fructify, and strike deep and permanently into the life of the negro, than a thousand which only remain sterile on the surface.

Before any great advance will be made in the Christian propaganda in Africa, a total revolution in the methods of work must be accomplished. Surely the time has come when professorships for the preparation of missionaries should be

founded, so that men might be sent out properly armed for the conflict, instead of leaving them, as at present, to enter the mission-field not knowing what they have to face, imbued with the unworkable traditions of bygone times, and hampered by the unsuitable theological training for the ministry which they have received among a civilized people, and which in Africa is worse than useless.

Once the negro is attacked in the right spirit, and with a suitable choice of weapons from the Christian armory, I venture to predict even more splendid results to Christianity than has ever marked the progress of Islam. For the negro, with all his intellectual deficiencies, is naturally a very religious individual. In his present helplessness and darkness he gropes aimlessly about after an explanation of his surroundings, and finds but slight consolation in his stocks and stones, his fetishism and spirit-worship. That he gladly adopts a loftier conception is shown by the avidity with which he accepts as his God, Allah — the one God of the Mohammedans. We cannot be too quick in entering the field in opposition to the religion of Islam, however great may be its civilizing work among the natives, or splendid its beneficial influence in raising up a barrier against the devil's flood of drink poured into Africa by Christian merchants. For unhappily its ultimate results belie the promise of its initial stages among the lower levels of humanity, if we are to judge from Morocco and other Mohammedan empires; and we have only too good reason to fear that what in the present is a great blessing to myriads of negro people in the central and western Soudan, may become a deplorable curse to the generations of the future.

In view of these facts — namely, that our intercourse with Africa has been almost one long career of crime and shame, fraught with direst consequence to a whole continent of people, and, in addition, that our various missionary enterprises have not accomplished the amount of good which might reasonably be expected of them — one might be tempted to ask, ought we not to retire altogether, and leave Africa and the African alone? To such a question I should answer most emphatically, no. We must not, if we could, and we ought not even if we would. We have laid ourselves under an overwhelming load of debt to the negro which centuries of beneficent work can never repay. We have not made reparation and atonement for the evil we wrought with the slave-

traffic. The hydra-headed beast — the gin and weapon trade — is still continuing its ravages, still bringing new territories under contribution. We brought the monster into being, and ours is the duty to give battle to it, and rest not till we have not only checked its desolating career, but slain it outright.

Here is indeed a gigantic task, which we, as a Christian people, cannot shirk. It would be well if we heard less about high-sounding, impossible schemes for the suppression of the present Arab slave-trade, and more practicable proposals for the stoppage of our equally ruin-working commerce in spirits and weapons of destruction. Let us stop our pharisaical trumpeting from the house-tops over the pounds we spend for the conversion of the heathen, while our merchants continue to make fortunes out of their demoralization. Instead of talking of retiring with our enormous gains — a proceeding which would only be in harmony with all our dealings with the natives — conscience calls aloud that we should put ourselves in sackcloth and ashes, and set about sweeping our commerce and our politics free from the iniquities by which they have hitherto been characterized. That accomplished, we have before us the still more mighty task of undoing the evils propagated during the last three centuries, and inaugurating the real work of civilization — religion, working hand in hand with no hypocritical make-believe "legitimate commerce."

Justice might indeed join hands with such as demand our withdrawal from Africa were there no indication on our part of a consciousness of wrong-doing — of a desire to reform where we have erred, to retrace our steps where we have gone astray. But already on all sides there are signs of hope — signs of the approach of a brighter day and of better things for the negro. The national conscience is awakening — men's eyes are being opened to the real character of our doings in the dark continent. Societies have been formed, vowed to the suppression of the worst evils, and are spreading their influence at a rapid rate. Governments are becoming more and more alive to their duty to the ignorant savages who have come under their rule, and are striving to check the liquor traffic where it has been established, and to absolutely prohibit it where no hold has yet been obtained. The sympathetic ear of the Houses of Parliament has been obtained, and Churches of all denominations are lending

the weight of their influence to the good cause. Still better, merchants themselves are becoming alive to the fact that they are engaged in a business they ought to be ashamed of, and are seeking for a way of escape from the situation in which they have placed themselves. Public companies, too, armed with the powers of a royal charter, are entering the field with enlightened views as to what their aims and objects should be. More especially do they take a stand against the further development of the ruinous traffic of which so much has already been said, apparently determined to restrict and finally extirpate the vile thing.

Of such we have no better example than the Royal Niger Company, which since it got its charter has started on a career bright with promise. The British East Africa Company is another which we may be sure will never soil its hands by any misdirection of its commercial dealings with the people under its rule.

As a bright spot in the black expanse of Africa, let me point with pride to what our Scottish merchants and missionaries are doing on Lake Nyassa.

There, hand in hand, commerce and religion are pursuing a common end. Filled with the noblest aspirations of their great pioneer, Livingstone, and the best characteristics of their native country, the band of Christian heroes have planted their flag on a rock, and, unfurling it to the breeze, have taken the helpless heathen under their protection in the name of Christ and humanity. Sword in hand they have driven back the slave-raiding hordes in the north, and now they stand prepared to repel the equally desolating wave of Portuguese aggression which threatens them from the south. At such a crisis, it is our duty as individuals, as a Christian people, as a nation, to see that that flag is never again lowered, and that those who protect and gather round it are supported and encouraged in their glorious struggle.

In such facts we see clearly that the tidal wave of evil has commenced to turn, and that a new and more beneficent current is asserting itself. But, happily, not only commercially and politically are there signs of the approach of a brighter day.

It is gradually dawning upon missionary societies that their methods have not always been the most suitable for the work to be done. In this respect our Scottish missions have also been taking the lead. They have sent of their best to carry on the difficult work. They no

longer disdain the helping hand of the layman, but see in the artisan and the merchant co-workers in the same field. In every respect they have broadened the basis of their operations and grappled in a more modern and common-sense spirit with the question of Christian propaganda, and how best to come in touch with the undeveloped, degraded nature of the negro. This spirit is likewise reflected in the communications to our missionary magazines. Throughout, these manifest a more vigorous and healthy tone, and are made up less of the weak milk-and-water demanded by spiritual babes and sucklings.

Thus, with missionary enterprise starting forth new armed on a more promising career of Christian conquest; with commerce purging herself of criminal iniquities, and joining with religion in the work of civilization, what may not be predicted of the future of Africa! Already the remotest corners have heard the glad tidings of the coming good—uttered in a still, small voice perhaps, and possibly unheeded, uncomprehended—but bound to catch the heathen ear at last, and grow in form, in volume, and in harmony, till they swell into one grand pæan and Christian hymn, which shall be heard in every forest depth and wide waste of jungle.

Then in the far distant future, Englishmen who shall be happily alive to hear that hymn, may indeed be able to speak of the beneficent results of European intercourse with the African, knowing that the sins of their fathers have at last been expiated, and the blot on the national honor wiped out.

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From Temple Bar.

#### THE WAYS OF THE EAST.

##### I.

THERE can, I think, be no doubt that the tendency of modern civilization in the West is to do away with simplicity, whether of individual character, or of mode of life, or of methods of working. It tends to make men more and more rely on artificial aids, and on their fellow men, less and less able to shift for themselves, if reduced suddenly to primitive conditions of existence. Yet why should this be? In the East, the home of the most ancient civilization the world has seen, it is not so, and nothing strikes us Westerners more, on becoming acquainted with the East, than the curious simplicity of the people,

of their way of living, their requirements, and their implements.

A Hindu of almost any rank is capable of starting on a long journey, whether on foot or by rail, with little beyond the apostolic equipment of staff and scrip; nor would he suffer much practical inconvenience by doing so. Where an Englishman would starve, or at least suffer, the Hindu would be satisfied and fare well. His soul hankereth not after the fleshpots of Egypt, nor doth it thirst after the bitter beers of Allsopp and of Bass. The well whereof his fathers drank sufficeth also for him, and a brass pot and a cord whereby to lower it make him independent even of any chance Rebekah. A handful of parched corn provides him with nourishment, as of old it did Ruth, or with a little flour he will when night falls bake himself some cakes, lighting his fire beside those of other travellers beneath some wide-spreading tree whose hospitable canopy shall also be their tent by night.

The personal wants indeed of the Hindus, even of the richest among them, are at all times so few that it would cost them little to be reduced suddenly to even antediluvian conditions of life. Contact with their Western rulers has, it is true, taught them to imitate in some degree Western customs, and they will have rooms in their palaces furnished in European fashion with costly tables, chairs, couches, pictures, and knick-knacks; but they keep these rooms entirely for state occasions and for the reception of European visitors, and in their own private apartments have neither tables nor chairs, nor any such useless superfluities. They have a carpet or rug, costly in proportion to their rank, and a few soft cushions and low stools; that constitutes the whole of the furniture from which they personally derive comfort. The rest is a concession to foreign ideas of what is necessary, and is valued only as are other signs of wealth and dignity.

A clock is not placed in the room from any personal desire to know at any time what the hour is, but because it is a foreign curiosity of value; and instead therefore of contenting himself, as an Englishman would, with one good clock in the room, a wealthy native will have crowds of clocks, much as a child will collect quantities of shells all of the same kind. For the same reason he will have crowds of useless retainers about him, and elephants and horses — though he may never ride or drive — and rhinoceros and other wild beasts, though he may never go to

see them or pretend to take any interest in them. The clocks and the elephants, the furniture and the rhinoceros, are all there solely because such things are the accepted signs of wealth and rank, and confer dignity on their possessor. A rhinoceros is perhaps equivalent to our orchid house. Which of the two is the more interesting or useful must remain a matter of taste, but, dissimilar as they are, they have one point in common — they both mean wealth, writ large.

The main difference between them lies I think in the fact that if an Englishman has an orchid house it is probably because he is fond of flowers and really derives personal pleasure from the beauty of his orchids. If he were deprived of them he would be sensible of the loss of some real pleasure. His luxuries have in fact grown out of his individual tastes, and have come to be felt almost as necessities, without which life would be distinctly barer. The Hindustani, on the contrary, though he has learned to surround himself with luxuries, does so in a purely imitative way, without feeling that they add in any degree to his own comfort, so simple as yet are his natural habits and tastes.

Not long after reaching India I was in Oudh at the time when a very rich Hindu — brother to the famous prime minister of Nepaul, Sir Jung Bahádur — arrived in a dying state at the sacred city of Ajódhia. Though stricken with mortal sickness, he had made the long and painful journey from Nepaul in order to die in the holy city that gave Ráma birth, and which is to the Hindu what Mecca is to the Moslems, and far more than Jerusalem is to Christians. On hearing of his arrival, the English magistrate at Fyzabad went to see him, the day before his death, as it proved to be. He found the rájah lying on a low wooden bedstead such as is used by the poorest natives, in a bare, mud-plastered, little room, having neither window nor a single article of furniture except the bedstead in it, and with his silver dishes and drinking-vessels spread about on the mud floor. To English eyes it seemed truly a strange and comfortless death-bed; but such a view of it would not have struck any of the Hindus present; the dying man, they would have said, had all he needed, and God was gracious to have let him live till his journey was accomplished.

I know of no Western parallel to this scene. Princes and nobles in the Middle Ages have doubtless suffered voluntary privation, and courted physical pain by



way of an expiatory or at least meritorious act, but we know that they were keenly alive to the full merit of such penances, and did not fail to put them down to the credit side of their account with Heaven. But this Indian noble had no such feeling, and would have been genuinely surprised at its being thought that he had done anything worthy of admiration. His wretched and poverty-stricken surroundings were to him a perfectly indifferent accident of this quickly passing life, and counted as nothing. He had attained his heart's desire and was now happy, waiting for death.

## II.

NOTHING is more typical of the difference between Eastern and Western character than a bazaar in one of the great cities where rich merchants dwell. There you see men worth many thousands of pounds content with a little wooden frontless stall some eight feet square, and with only the most meagre samples of their goods displayed — spread, that is to say, on the earthen floor, to attract passers-by. Their stock is kept entirely in wooden chests, from whose sandal-wood scented depths cunningly wrought embroideries, or carved ivories, or jewels of gold and pearls of price as it may be, are leisurely disintombed for the inspection of any would-be purchaser. Costly jewels are taken from out their humble wrappings of cotton rags, and laid on a carefully spread square of Turkey red — the only attempt, and that an unconscious one, made to set off their beauty to advantage. It may with truth be said of the Hindustanis as it was of the Athenians, that they are lovers of the beautiful, yet withal simple in their tastes.

As twilight falls, each shopkeeper lights an oil lamp — a little earthen saucer full of oil with a bit of twisted cotton in it for wick — which casts magnificent Rembrandtesque shadows, save where it throws a ruddy glare on the merchants as they sit cross-legged in the midst of their wares, smoking their hookahs with calm solemnity and apparently little interested in your intentions of buying or not. Round the shoe shops will always be found groups haggling over a pair of upturned shoes glittering with gold embroidery, or gaily attractive with bright yellow soles, and scraps of red and green leather sewn on in quaint devices, while ever in the narrow street the silent-footed crowd ebbs and flows as in a magic-lantern.

A shopkeeper cannot bring himself to ask for anything, at first, the sum he will

ultimately accept; the time lost in chaffering is to him of no account.

"What is the price of this cap?" I overheard asked by a purchaser as he held up an embroidered skull cap.

"Five rupees, preserver of the poor!"

"Five rupees!" said the buyer, with fine scorn in his tone. "The world is truly a house of deceit! One rupee and two annas is its price."

"Your Highness, I am a poor man, and must feed my children; but I will take what your Highness's bounty will give me."

The indifference to time, characteristic of Orientals, was illustrated in many amusing ways when first a railway was opened in a new part of the country. Nothing but bitter experience could convince the natives that a train, unlike the bullock-wagons they had been accustomed to, would not wait an indefinite time to pick up passengers. The deputy commissioner had on one occasion, shortly after the opening of a new line, sent a servant with his official letter-bag to meet the train, and was much annoyed at seeing the man presently returning with it, having missed the train.

"You had not half a mile to go, and you knew that the train left the station at three o'clock!"

"Yes, truly, your Majesty," replied the man in an aggrieved tone; "but when it strikes three *here*, the train goes from *there*!"

That was sharp practice, of which he had no previous experience, and it was evident he did not think it very creditable to the company.

Their usual measure of time is the number of bamboo-lengths the sun has travelled above the horizon. It sounds to us somewhat vague, as we should not unnaturally be afraid the speaker and the hearer might not have in their minds bamboos of the same length; but, as a matter of fact, it is among these children of nature sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes. When a man swears in court that an event occurred when the sun was four bamboos high, it conveys to his Hindustani hearers a positively better idea of the time than if he said how many bells had struck. Public clocks, I need hardly say, are not to be met with in India. Time, according to our European division of it, is measured at country police stations by the primitive method of placing in a tub of water a copper pot in which a small hole is bored, through which the water leaks in, filling and sinking the pot in the space of an

hour—more or less. When the pot is seen to have disappeared, the hour is struck by a policeman on a bell-like gong; but it will readily be seen that the length or brevity of an hour depends not a little on the clock-keeper's promptness of observation no less than on his wakefulness and freedom from that state of metaphysical abstraction engendered by the soothing hookah.

The simplicity of the native clock is equalled by that of all the tools and implements in use among the Hindustanis. To one accustomed to the elaborate lathe, and the arsenal of chisels and gouges and other tools required by a very ordinary English turner, it is curious to see the stock of instruments with which a Benares turner will execute work exceeding in delicacy any attempted in Europe. He sits on his earthen floor, into which he has driven a couple of tent-pegs, which if rickety he tightens by driving in supplementary peglets. Between these pegs he fixes, by means of two spikes sharpened at each end, the wood he intends to operate on. The rotatory motion is then imparted to it by means of a piece of string twisted twice round it and pulled with rhythmic practised jerks by a lad sitting opposite to him. For tools I only saw two or three, all much alike to my eyes. With these appliances, as simple surely as could have been the lathes of Samos described by Pliny, the Benares artisan will turn out boxes of wafer-like thinness, fitting one within another until the last and least would make an appropriate pill-box for a Lilliputian.

He will then take one of the many-colored sticks of lac lying at his side, and, applying it to each rapidly revolving box in turn, a magic circle of brilliant color is born of its touch. The enchanter then changes his wand, and a circle of another color springs into existence by the side of the first, until, obedient to his lightest touch, the plain wooden box is in a few seconds ringed with a coat of many colors, hard, smooth, polished, and not to be hurt by water, or the moist warm lips of babes.

As with the artisans so with the other classes. The English magistrate, sitting in the seat of judgment and writing his decision with the steel pen, which, even in the memory of our generation, has supplanted the quill of the homely goose, may be taken as representing the civilization of the nineteenth century, while his native clerk, sitting cross-legged on the ground, carries one back to the civilization of He-

rodotus's time, using, as he does, the classic split reed of that ancient historian, and drying the too-inky manuscript with common river sand, in calm disdain of the more artificial blotting-paper.

With the servant class it is not otherwise. A groom, or a cook, or a gardener is expected to turn out a very similar tale of bricks to that produced by his English prototype at home; but whereas the straw is uncomplainingly supplied to the English servant, it is grudged, often to withholding, to the Indian one. An Indian servant would stand amazed could he see the long array of necessities demanded by his English brother; and yet the difference in the net result of their labors is certainly not commensurate with that of their requirements.

Whatever may be the nature of the work done by a Hindustani—and how elaborately beautiful much of it is we all know—it is done without hurry. Whether you watch them weaving or carpet-making, or embroidering or wood carving, they are always working in a graceful, light-hearted way, as though it were some pleasant, interesting occupation, and not a weary toil. They take life calmly, and look with as much wonder at our restless energy and hurry, as we look on the still greater hurry and restlessness of the typical American, who even when he feeds himself, does so in much the same fashion as he would stoke a furnace, and who rushes through some scene of beauty—which he has traversed half the globe to see—as if it were a city smitten by the plague.

### III.

EASTERN simplicity and conservatism are nowhere more strikingly exemplified than in the primitive husbandry of the Hindustanis. Such as it was when Alexander the Great invaded the country so it is now. They use ploughs which feebly scratch the surface of the soil, drawn by one or two yoke of weak little oxen, who when their day's work is over are turned out on some fallow land as bare as the palm of your hand. There is no means of subsistence there for them visible to the eye, and they seem to be expected like Antæus to derive their strength from mother earth. To judge from their appearance she is but stepmotherly to them. They seem to have more ribs than most breeds of cattle, and by their ostentatious way of showing them appear to be proud of it.

When the crops are ripe for the sickle, they have all, after cutting, to be brought

into the villages to be stacked — peas, wheat, barley, and millet. Carts are never used for this purpose, so the harvest has to be brought in on people's heads, and happy in that day is the man whose quiver is full and whose sons are many. Patriarchal processions of old men and children, young men and maidens, may be seen filing along the low, flat-topped banks that divide the fields, looking like a train of abnormally sober-minded ants, each staggering under a huge sheaf of corn. These sheaves are in the first instance carried to the threshing floor, where the grain is trodden out as of old by the ruminative ox, and then winnowed by being tossed by handfuls into the air, the discriminating wind allowing the grain to fall again to the ground, by scattering the chaff like smoke. After this the corn is sold, or more often perhaps ground and eaten by the growers; the corn of the whole Gangetic plain, it may be said, is ground by women, in the good old patriarchal fashion so long fallen into disuse in the West. In front of most village huts you will see women sitting on the ground assiduously turning the simple millstone, chanting the while some tuneless pastoral ballad while keeping an eye on the young barbarians at play, rolling happily in the dust to which they are so much akin, but which is so much whiter than their own little dusky globular bodies. Happy childhood! alike untroubled with clothes or school standards!

There is one drawback to agriculture in India which is unknown in England. A man who has a fine field of ripening corn and wishes to eat of the fruit of his labor must by no means yet relax his toil. He must sit in the field o' nights to watch it and keep off thieves with four legs and thieves with two. If he does this by deputy his fate may be that of a certain landowner who brought his troubles into court. The guardian appointed by him to watch his crops had watched their ripening charms till his soul hankered after them. He made use of the silent watches of the night to do some nefarious reaping on his own account, and improved the shining hours to such purpose that ere morning dawned he had cleared more than half an acre.

It is not all crops, however, that are worth watching. Little is ever put on the land, and all that is possible is taken from it, and though nature is in the main bountiful, yet there are limits to her bounty, and that these are occasionally exceeded may be seen by the miserably poor and

scanty crops sometimes met with, reminding one of the story of the Welshman, who, when the day's work was over, stuck in a peg to show where he had left off mowing. The only consolation such fields can bring to their owner is that he may sleep in his bed o' nights without fear of his corn being stolen while he sleeps.

Fruit and vegetable shows have of late years been instituted in many parts of India with the view of stirring up the natives to cultivate improved kinds of fruit, but at first it was difficult to get them to compete, as they have little desire for emulation. They grow the worst kind of orange — with a thick, white rind a world too wide for its shrunk and stringy body — and the poorest kind of mulberry, and the most insipid kind of plantain, for the sole but all-sufficing reason that their fathers and grandfathers grew those kinds. Theirs is conservatism pure and simple, strong and enduring, untinged by the smallest lump of the disturbing leaven of liberalism. They look upon our exertions to improve certain fruits with a kind of contemptuous surprise mingled with good-tempered toleration, regarding them — as they do all the other fads of the restless Englishman — as curious and unaccountable.

There is something in their old-world, restful immobility that is undoubtedly impressive. It has, like the mysterious desert-statues of Egypt, a touch of that divine attribute, unchangeableness — the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; and to our bustling, restless, ever-changing race it contrasts in much the same way as does the pyramid of Cheops with a great, many-chimneyed, busy, smoke-belching factory.

#### IV.

THE natives of India have many curious beliefs and superstitions, some of which are essentially Oriental in their nature, others common to many nations and shared by ourselves only a few centuries ago.

One day an English magistrate was paying a visit to a Hindu gentleman who was an old friend of his, in the course of which he happened to yawn; to his astonishment up jumped the *rājāh* as if galvanized, and began furiously snapping his fingers in startling proximity to his face. Observing his visitor's look of unfeigned surprise he explained that this was done to scare away the devils who might have otherwise seized the opportunity to jump down his throat. How strange it seems to us, this practical belief in devils, and fear of them, combined with so insultingly

low an idea of their intelligence and power! I once heard, however, an odd instance of the same fear and yet contempt for unseen powers shown by an English lady in the beginning of this century—a bishop's wife, too!—who was afraid of ghosts, and if left alone in the house would whistle as she walked through the passages at night in order that *the ghosts might take her for a man*.

The scriptural belief in possession by a devil is held to this day by the natives of India, and very recently a case came before an English magistrate in Bengal in which a Brahmin was charged with having caused the death of a lad by his attempts to exorcise an evil spirit. The boy had been made to lie on his back, in the presence of his parents and other sympathizing relatives, while the priest danced on his chest, calling on the name of his god, "O Baal, hear!" But whether the god was sleeping, or whether the devil in departing took with him the boy's own spirit, cannot be known. The boy died, and the civil surgeon, knowing nothing of the nature of exorcism, reported that he had died from injuries caused by the priest.

Like the Russians at the present day, the Hindus think it brings a person ill luck to be openly admired or praised, and if you should praise, or even look too admiringly at a child, the mother will hastily withdraw it from notice, and either beat it or say something disparaging of it in order to counteract your ill-omened admiration and avert the jealousy of the gods.

The belief in some form of ordeal for proving the guilt or innocence of an accused person is another of the traditions of the past which we Westerners have outgrown and cast aside, but which still forms part of the practical belief of the people in India. Of this I remember an instance occurring within my own experience, on the occasion of a robbery having been committed in my house, when the police summoned the whole of my servants to the police station in order that each one might separately and solemnly be put to the test. It was a droll sight to see the procession setting forth on this mission, headed by the magnificent khansāma and the imperious bearer, and tailing off through minor dignitaries down to the indifferently clothed coolies who brought up the rear.

The ordeal is conducted by a Mahomedan priest who mutters certain mysterious invocations over the Korán, which is then pronounced to have the power of pointing out the guilty person by opening

miraculously at a condemnatory passage when touched by him. A factor in this experiment, doubtless much, even if unconsciously, relied upon for bringing it to a successful issue, is the power of superstitious fear over the conscience of the guilty person. To most natures the idea of being discovered in this supernatural and awful manner is so terrible that the culprit rather than risk it will make voluntary confession, and so deprecate the heavier anger of the gods reserved for those who defy them.

On this occasion the Korán unhesitatingly pointed out one of the servants as the thief. Whether he was innocent, as he maintained, or merely unimpressible and hard of heart as we had much reason for believing, I cannot say—but confess he would not, and living as we do in the nineteenth century, he could not be imprisoned on the sole testimony, however conclusive, of the Korán, nor, owing to the modern prejudice there exists against applying torture, could he be made to confess. The conditions which made trial by ordeal so generally successful in the ages of faith are altogether wanting in the present sceptical and scrupulous generation.

The reproach of scepticism cannot however be applied to the Hindustanis. Their powers of belief are childlike. I was once taken to see a miraculous spring that had suddenly appeared in a dry and barren spot, and was bringing in much wealth to the fakir who had appointed himself its guardian. It was very small—scarcely to be discerned until pointed out—and I of little faith even thought in secret that it could be produced by the holy man's pouring in water every night. But small as was the hole he sucked thereout no small advantage, for the people's faith is large, and crowds of pious persons made pilgrimages to the divinely favored spot.

Curious instances might be collected from the records of Indian law courts illustrative of the old-world beliefs of the people, which are brought at times into such strange collision with the legal forms of procedure established by our modern lawyers.

A man was once being tried for murder when he put forward a plea such as could only have occurred to an Oriental and to a believer in the transmigration of souls. He did not deny having killed the man—on the contrary he described in detail the particulars of the murder—but he stated in justification that his victim and he had been acquainted in a previous state of ex-

istence, when the now murdered man had murdered him, in proof of which he showed a great seam across his side which had been the sword-cut that had ended his previous existence. He further said that when he heard he was again to be sent into this world he entreated his master to excuse him from coming, as he had a presentiment that he should meet his murderer and that harm would come of it. All this he stated in perfect earnestness and simplicity and with evident conviction of its truth and force—a conviction shared by a large number of those in court.

Trial by jury is attended with peculiar difficulties in India, an instance of which I remember as having occurred. In that case also a man was on his trial for the murder of another. He had been caught red-handed and there was no possible room for doubt in the matter. The murdered man had succumbed almost immediately to his wound, living only long enough, after being discovered, to ask for some water to drink. Some surprise was felt at the time taken by the jury in considering their verdict, but when at length they returned and recorded it the astonishment of all in court was unbounded when it proved to be one of *Not Guilty*.

So extraordinary a verdict could not pass unchallenged, and the judge enquired by what process of reasoning they had arrived at their decision; if the accused had not murdered the man, who had?

"Your lordship, we are of opinion that the injuries were not the cause of the man's death. It has been proved that he drank water shortly before his death, and we are of opinion that it was drinking the water that killed him."

The explanation of this remarkable verdict—the more remarkable when it is remembered that the men who brought it in never drank anything but water themselves—was that on the jury was a high-caste Brahmin, to whom the very idea of being party to taking away a man's life was so abhorrent that no earthly persuasion could have induced him to agree to a verdict that would have hung the prisoner, and the earnestness of his horror had exercised an influence over the rest of the jury so powerful as to make them return the verdict which so staggered the court.

In India alone can be seen the strange spectacle of such different phases of civilization—the civilization of Queen Vashti and the civilization of Queen Victoria—meeting and existing side by side. In most countries the present condition of the people and of their form of govern-

ment is the slow outcome of centuries of growth, and the flower and the fruit cannot be seen at one and the same time—the child has not been expected to possess at a bound the experience of a man. But in India the fussy European civilization of the nineteenth century, with its complicated and artificial system of juries and counsel, legal precedents and legal evidence, and its latest theoretic crazes on every matter under the sun, is brought into direct contact with a people who know nothing of theories, and whose habits and beliefs are little, if in any degree, changed from what they were in days of Daniel.

It is surely small wonder that the contrasts resulting from so unnatural a state of things should be often as pathetic as they are strange.

E. A. K.

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From Murray's Magazine.  
MARCIA.

BY W. E. NORRIS.  
AUTHOR OF "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### ILL-NATURED MRS. DELAMERE.

"LOOK down upon us!" ejaculated Sir George Brett, laughing heartily at so preposterous a notion; "it would puzzle her to do that, I think. In order to look down upon people, one must be placed above them, and it is evident that she does not occupy that position with regard to us. Really, my dear Caroline, you are disposed to be rather too hard upon poor little Marcia."

"Why in the world you should always speak of her as if she were a child, George, I cannot imagine," Lady Brett returned. "She is thirty or very near it, she certainly has not much of the innocence of youth, and never since I have known her has she been little. I did not say that she had any right to look down upon us; but as a matter of fact she does, and she loses no occasion of showing it, and she will probably show it to-night. Not, of course, that that is of any consequence."

If Sir George had believed such a thing to be possible, he would have thought it of very great consequence; but he did not and could not believe anything of the sort. There had been passages of arms between his wife and Eustace's wife; more than once he himself had been drawn into the fray, and he had been obliged to speak his



mind pretty plainly to his brother. These family differences had, however, been less frequent of late, he had no desire that they should be renewed, and, although he considered it likely enough that Marcia's pretty head might have been turned by the attentions paid to her in high quarters, he did not suspect her of the enormity laid to her charge. He therefore contented himself with remarking, —

"Marcia's manner is occasionally distant, I have noticed. In all probability, a symptom of shyness rather than of pride."

It was now Lady Brett's turn to laugh, and she did so. She was one of those agreeable people who seldom laugh unless they are angry, and whose laughter is high, dry, and unmirthful. She was explaining to her husband that, whatever might be her sister-in-law's shortcomings, timidity was scarcely to be counted amongst their number, when the first of the guests whom they were about to receive at dinner was announced and interrupted her.

Sir George and Lady Brett's dinner-parties were done on a very large scale. There was a superabundance of food, a superabundance of people to devour it, and one might have said that there was a superabundance of servants, only that, perhaps, is not possible. With regard to the composition of these assemblages very little trouble was taken. So long as Lady Brett did not bring two deadly enemies together (and even this occurred from time to time through inadvertence), she conceived that she had fulfilled the whole duty of a hostess, and when she saw four-and-twenty gloomy countenances congregated round her board, she did not feel that she was in any way responsible for their gloom. The countenance of Mr. Brett, who arrived early, was gloomier than usual, and this his sister-in-law at once noticed. She greeted him with her accustomed air of compassion, pressing his hand and saying, —

"My dear Eustace, how ill you are looking! What have you done with Marcia? Was she such a long time arranging her dress before the glass that you came up-stairs without her?"

"I am quite well, thank you," answered Mr. Brett, with a touch of fretfulness (for there was nothing that he hated so much as to be told that he was looking ill); "but Marcia, I am sorry to say, is not. She has gone to bed with a very bad headache, and I must beg you to accept her sincere apologies."

There was not much chance that she would either accept them or place faith in

their sincerity. Of this he was fully aware, and he was ready to submit patiently to any censure that might be passed upon the defaulter; but it seemed a little hard that he should be punished for what was assuredly no sin of his.

"Oh, a headache?" said Lady Brett, with a repetition of her wrathful laugh. "Dear me! Well, I am sorry you thought it necessary to come without her, Eustace; a note would have done quite well. And now, you see, we shall be an uneven number."

"Shall I go away again?" asked Mr. Brett.

"Oh, of course not; I didn't mean that. But it is rather tiresome; because I shall have to rearrange everything now." And, seeing her husband at her elbow, she derived some consolation from saying to him, with a meaning smile, "Marcia is not going to honor us with her company to-night. She has — ahem! — a bad headache."

"Oh, indeed!" answered Sir George. "I am sorry to hear that."

Sir George had bushy grey eyebrows which, when he was displeased, met above his snub nose and gave the upper part of his face an appearance of truculence which was somewhat ludicrously contradicted by the insignificance of his mouth and chin. He had, however, a long upper lip; so that a physiognomist might have guessed the man to be vindictive and obstinate, notwithstanding — or possibly on account of — the weakness of his character. His brother, who understood him, knew that he never forgave an affront, and was not surprised to hear him say, —

"Dinner engagements sometimes bring on a headache, I believe. We must endeavor to do what in us lies to prevent the recurrence of such attacks in Marcia's case."

Obviously the matter could not be allowed to rest there; so Mr. Brett drew his brother aside for a moment and began, —

"I very much regret that Marcia has been compelled to disappoint you —"

"Oh, not at all! — no disappointment at all, I assure you," interrupted Sir George. "Marcia has only to please herself and she will please us; pray tell her so from me. Humble as we are, we have no desire to entertain reluctant guests."

Poor Mr. Brett sighed irritably. "I cannot tell you whether Marcia is or is not reluctant to be your guest, George," said he; "her tastes and mine differ, and we do not often communicate them to each

other. But, to the best of my belief, her headache is quite genuine, and I can honestly say that I do not think she is in a fit state to dine out. She has been very much upset by parting with our boy, whom we left at school to-day."

Sir George looked slightly mollified; but perhaps he deemed it beneath his dignity to come out of the sulks without more ado, for he only observed: "It is a wise rule to keep appointments, even at the cost of some personal inconvenience. If I had not adhered to that rule through life, I suppose I should have been in the Bankruptcy Court before now."

The younger brother fell back, feeling that there was no more to be said. His anticipations had been fully verified; George had taken offence, and what made this additionally vexatious was that, by his way of thinking, George had some right to take offence. It was quite true that appointments ought to be kept, and it was probably also true that Marcia might have kept hers by making a small effort. But Marcia did not choose to make efforts in the required direction, and his own were obviously useless. He wished with all his heart that he had stayed at home, instead of coming in vain to this dismal banquet.

Presently the door was flung open, there was a little stir among the company, and he was introduced to a Mrs. Delamere, a thin, faded woman, whose dress was cut very low, whose cheeks were painted, and whose yellow hair, or wig, was besprinkled with diamonds. He bowed and offered her his arm mechanically. It was a matter of perfect indifference to him whether the person beside whom he was doomed to sit through two weary hours was young or old, fat or thin, colored or plain. He thought of a few commonplaces to utter for her benefit, and scarcely listened to her replies. After they had taken their seats at the dinner-table she began to talk about the pictures in the Academy, which seemed to show a lamentable lack of original ideas on the part of so smart-looking a lady; but possibly she had her reasons for bringing forward that threadbare topic, and Mr. Brett pricked up his ears when he heard her mention the name of Archdale.

"I like Mr. Archdale's pictures," Mrs. Delamere was saying, "but—perhaps I had better not go on, though. He is a great friend of yours, isn't he?"

"No; only a slight acquaintance," answered Mr. Brett, turning his tired eyes interrogatively towards his neighbor.

"Oh, not a great friend of yours? I thought perhaps he might be, as he is such a very great friend of your wife's. Though, to be sure, that isn't always a reason, is it?"

"You may safely abuse him, if that is what you wish to do," replied Mr. Brett; for, notwithstanding his coldness and insensibility, he thought, as most men do, that women have no business to be impertinent unless they are pretty.

Mrs. Delamere was not disconcerted. "I wasn't going to abuse him," said she, "but I confess that I don't particularly like him. He is rather too much of a professional lady-killer for my taste."

"Oh, he is a professional lady-killer, is he?" asked Mr. Brett absently.

"Your acquaintance with him must indeed be slight if you haven't discovered that yet. Why, it is the man's sole *raison d'être*—socially speaking, I mean. I don't quarrel with him for flirting, because of course he is good-looking, and perhaps he can't very well help himself, but he shouldn't parade his conquests as he does. It is hardly fair play, you know."

Eustace Brett might look dull, and it was not surprising that he should look dull, seeing that he generally felt so, but he had wit enough to understand the insinuation and dignity enough to resent it. He said: "I was not aware that Mr. Archdale paraded his conquests; but, if he does, you are, no doubt, quite right in disapproving of his bad taste. Personally, I do not feel sufficient interest in him to care very much whether his taste is good or bad."

"Although he is such a great friend of your wife's?" asked the irrepressible Mrs. Delamere.

"With regard to questions of taste, my wife is at least as good a judge as I. If, therefore, Mr. Archdale is a great friend of hers—but I am not convinced that he is—that would, to my mind, be presumptive evidence in his favor. I should imagine that you have been misinformed about him, but really it does not signify."

Not without a certain effort did Mr. Brett thus snub a willing witness. Clearly Marcia had been guilty of some indiscretion which this woman knew all about and was eager to communicate to him, but he could not receive such testimony. He looked her straight in the face, and she returned his gaze steadily, dropping the corners of her mouth with an air of mocking commiseration. But she was cowed. He had at least the poor satisfaction of knowing that, whatever calumnies might

be upon the tip of her tongue, she had not the courage to let them pass her lips in his presence. She did not trouble him with much more of her conversation after this, and, as the lady who was placed upon his left hand took no notice of him, he sat mute, thinking his own thoughts and wishing for the end of the outrageously long *menu*.

To those who have allowed their minds to dwell upon the idea of eternity it must always be a consolatory reflection that in this world, at any rate, all things are finite, and even Sir George Brett's dinners, like the east winds of spring and the sermons of certain ecclesiastics, moved towards an appointed end, though of course it was not easy to realize this so long as they were in full swing. At a quarter to eleven the ladies left the dining-room, and then Sir George, who had apparently recovered his good-humor, was kind enough to address some amiable remarks to his brother.

"So you've got rid of that young scapegrace of yours, eh? A very good thing, too! He'll have some chance to show what stuff he is made of now. I'm sure I hope he will turn out well, for it looks as though he would be the only one of his generation to bear our name."

There was a significance about this observation which may not have been wholly unintentional, but it scarcely affected Mr. Brett, whose mind was otherwise engaged. He was himself so honest, so upright, so strictly true to his narrow code of morality, that he could not suspect his wife of disloyalty without a sense of personal humiliation. He did not, in truth, suspect her of anything worse than folly; but it was not very pleasant for him to suspect Marcia even of that, and it was very far from pleasant to him, when he went up to the drawing-room, to see Caroline rise, with an air of joyous alacrity, from the sofa upon which she had been sitting beside Mrs. Delamere and make straight for him. For he at once perceived that he was about to be informed of something that he would rather not hear.

Lady Brett, as her habit was, wasted no time in circumlocution, but drew him aside and said bluntly, —

"Eustace, I want to speak to you about Marcia. You know me well enough to know that I am not malicious, and that her having treated me so unceremoniously as she has done to-night and on former occasions would never make me wish to do her an injury. But, for her own sake, to say nothing of yours, I feel I ought to tell you that she is being talked about in

a way which should not be allowed to go on. You don't go out, so you cannot see or hear what takes place in society; but it seems to be notorious that that man Archdale is always at her elbow, and that he makes a boast of — well, I am afraid I must call it her infatuation for him. You know — or perhaps you don't know — that there was a fancy fair at the Albert Hall this afternoon, which was patronized by all the great ladies. For some reason or other, Mr. Archdale is also patronized by the great ladies just now, and I am told that at one of their stalls he was selling some water-colors and sketches of his, amongst which was a portrait of your wife, inscribed 'Marcia.' Everybody who knew her recognized it at a glance, and naturally everybody wondered what business he had to make use of her Christian name."

"If he did that," answered Mr. Brett slowly, "he was very impertinent. I have, however, no grounds for supposing that his impertinence was sanctioned by my wife. Mrs. Delamere is your informant, I presume."

"It was from Mrs. Delamere that I heard about the sketch; others have told me that Marcia and Mr. Archdale are inseparable. Personally, I have no ambition to force my way into aristocratic houses; I do not belong to the aristocracy by birth, and I am contented with the position which it has pleased Providence to assign to me. Therefore I am obliged to judge of Marcia's conduct by hearsay."

"Quite so," agreed Mr. Brett, with some slight asperity; "and, if you are obliged to judge of it at all, Mrs. Delamere's authority may, for anything that I know to the contrary, be an excellent one for you to base your judgment upon. For my own part, I should hesitate to rely implicitly upon it, because Mrs. Delamere struck me as ill-natured, and I dare say she may once have been pretty."

Lady Brett frowned and tossed up her chin. "Oh, my dear Eustace," said she, "that accusation of jealousy is such a very stale one to bring against women, and yet every man who makes it appears to think that it is a brand-new discovery of his own! In reality, Mrs. Delamere spoke quite kindly of Marcia. She blamed Mr. Archdale, and I think she was right, and so, I am sure, do you. You cannot think it desirable that gossip should connect your wife's name with his, and I hope, and believe that you will take steps to put an end to such gossip. Mind, I am not interfering or advising — I never do interfere with anybody, as you know — I

am merely giving you a caution. Conscientiously, I could do no less."

"I am very much indebted to you," answered Mr. Brett gravely.

Without any irony or figure of speech, he did feel indebted to her, though he considered that he was in duty bound to repress her. She was not the most amiable woman in the world, but he believed her to be honest, pious, and animated by the best intentions. On his way home he had to ask himself what his own intentions were, and the question was a hard one to answer. He was too proud to relish the part of a suspicious husband, too nervous and irritable to despise scandalous whisperings, and too scrupulously honest to blink at the fact that, if his wife was criticised after a fashion which was hateful to him, the fault was in a great measure his own. He had no right to scold her, nor any wish to accuse her; at the bottom of his heart, what he desired was to say nothing to her about Archdale or about that unauthorized exhibition of her portrait. And eventually—as was perhaps rendered inevitable by the conditions of the case—this was the course which he decided to adopt. He would not retail gossip, he would not provoke a scene, he would not forbid Marcia to speak to Archdale; but in future he would go out with her more frequently than he had hitherto done, and the evidence of his own senses would tell him what step, if any, he ought to take.

It would have been simpler and wiser to tell her frankly what he had heard, and to remind her that public opinion, whether just or unjust, cannot safely be disregarded; but poor Eustace Brett was neither simple nor wise. Had he been the one or the other, he probably would not, on reaching his study, have sunk into an armchair, and, dropping his head upon his hands, have muttered despairingly, "I am sick and weary of it all! I wish to Heaven I had died when I seemed to be so near death!"

#### CHAPTER X.

##### MR. BRETT IS VERY UNWISE.

If we all agreed to make no secret of our mental and physical sufferings, the world might perhaps be a more interesting place to live in than it is, but it would probably be a good deal less comfortable. In every civilized community, and even in some uncivilized ones, it is held, not without reason, that pain ought to be submitted to silently, and that to moan and groan

in public is both cowardly and ill-bred. Marcia Brett could scarcely be called well-bred in the strict sense of the term, for she had not the most remote idea of who her great-grandfather had been; but she had learnt to conform to the usages of the society which she frequented, and after Willie had been taken from her she went about the world, like most other people, with a smile upon her lips, and ready phrases at the tip of her tongue, and a dull ache about the region of the heart which never wholly ceased, though it was more acute at some moments than at others. It was no comfort to her (though doubtless it should have been) to receive the boy's cheerful letters and to hear that he was well and happy. His health had always been good, and he was such a friendly and plucky little fellow that there was small danger of his failing to hit it off with other mortals either at school or elsewhere. The sad thing was that his childhood was at an end, and that never again through time and eternity could his mother be to him what she had once been.

During these melancholy weeks, Marcia found her chief consolation in the company of Mr. Archdale, whom she frequently met, and whose attentions caused her a pleasurable excitement, the causes of which she did not care to analyze. She heard (though not from her husband) the story of his having hawked about a likeness of her at the Albert Hall, and her first feeling was certainly one of annoyance that he should have taken so great a liberty; but his reply, when charged with this offence, was of a nature to disarm hostility.

"Do you mind?" he asked wonderingly. "I had no idea that you would, or, of course, I wouldn't have done it. Perhaps I am wrong, but it always seems to me that a beautiful face is in a certain sense public property—in the same sense, I mean, as places like Chatsworth and Eaton and Alnwick. The owners of those places have a perfect right to close them against everybody except their friends, but it would be rather churlish of them if they did, don't you think so?"

"The public is very welcome to gaze upon my features, or upon a reproduction of them," answered Marcia, laughing and coloring a little; "I didn't so much object to that as to your using my Christian name as a label. At least, that was what my husband objected to."

"Oh, it was your husband who objected! But he is rather given to objecting, isn't he? Still, I dare say I ought not to have

done it. My only excuse is that I honestly thought you would prefer a sort of anonymity to being boldly advertised as 'Mrs. Brett.'

"Perhaps I might have preferred to avoid advertisement of any kind," observed Marcia, with a smile. "Don't you think you might have just ascertained my wishes before you took upon yourself to advertise me?"

Archdale sighed. "The world has corrupted me," he answered; "it isn't easy for me to realize that a beautiful woman may really dislike notoriety. Well, now I suppose I have only made my case worse. What can I say? I am very, very sorry, Mrs. Brett, and please will you forgive me?"

He assumed an attitude of humility, pressed the tips of his fingers together, and gazed pleadingly into her eyes. Perhaps it was because he looked so handsome and so penitent, perhaps it was because he had twice called her beautiful within the space of a few minutes, that Marcia readily pardoned him.

"Only don't do it again," she said, "because I don't very much like it; and, although Eustace hasn't spoken directly to me upon the subject, I know by his manner that he dislikes it very particularly."

Now there was no denying that Mr. Brett was entitled to dislike it. That much Marcia inwardly acknowledged, nor was she ungrateful to him for the reticence which he had displayed; but what first surprised and then angered her was his novel and persistent determination to force upon her an escort with which she had learned to dispense.

"You have often told me that I ought to go out more with you," he answered dryly, when she remonstrated with him for over-tiring himself by attending three balls in one night. "I begin to see that you are right, and I shall try to do my duty, so long as my strength will serve me."

"I am sorry that you should feel bound to make a martyr of yourself," returned Marcia, vexed by the tacit reproach.

She really could not give up all social intercourse to please him. Once upon a time she might perhaps have been persuaded to make that sacrifice, but it was far too late now. Long ago it had been agreed between them that they should go their respective ways, each without let or hindrance from the other, and she, for her part, did not desire to cancel the agreement. If, for some reason best known to

himself, he intended to make a change in his habits, that was his affair.

And naturally it did not take her very long to discover what his reason was. Often, while she was chatting with Archdale, and while her spirits (which fell every morning when, through mere force of habit, she peeped into Willie's empty room) were beginning to rise again, she had a disagreeable sensation of being watched by somebody, and, sure enough, she would presently descry at a distance of some few yards a pair of faded, tired eyes fixed upon her—eyes which expressed neither blame, nor remonstrance, nor wrath, but merely a sort of dull patience. It was anything but a patient look that flashed from her own as she met them. What did he mean? What did he suspect? What did he want? Jealousy she could have forgiven, but this was not jealousy, it was sheer *espionage*.

In truth, poor Mr. Brett could hardly have adopted a more foolish line of conduct than that which had recommended itself to him. He was no spy; yet he managed to look exactly like one, and if his motive for hovering near his wife was to stop the mouths of the scandal-mongers, not to interfere with her liberty of action, so much chivalry was scarcely to be inferred from his demeanor. In reality he was not dissatisfied with what he saw. He had no fancy for Archdale and wondered at her taste in making a friend of the man; but she did not, so far as he was able to judge, favor Archdale more than she had favored a dozen others. At the bottom of his heart there lurked a conviction, which he had always evaded putting into the form of a distinct thought, that Marcia loved herself too much to be capable of loving any other human being too much.

But Marcia, pardonably enough, failed to discern all this. What was quite evident was that Eustace had resolved to dog her steps, and the futility of the proceeding was scarcely less exasperating to her than its impertinence. For how in the world is a metropolitan police-magistrate to discharge his daily duties and undertake those of an amateur detective into the bargain? His absurd conduct invited and almost defied her to outwit him. But for that imaginary defiance, she would not, perhaps, have made so many appointments to meet Archdale in the park, at Hurlingham, at luncheon-parties and tea-parties. So they met continually, and of course their intimacy was remarked upon, and at



length Lady Wetherby availed herself of the privilege of an old friend to say, —

"Aren't you a little imprudent, Marcia? Mr. Archdale is a clever artist, and I dare say he may be very pleasant company; but he isn't worth getting into trouble about, and you know as well as I do that a woman always gets into trouble when her neighbors begin to accuse her of finding some man's company more pleasant than she ought."

"Oh, I am sick of being prudent!" answered Marcia impatiently. "What difference does it make? Spiteful people will always find an excuse for being spiteful, and, so long as one does nothing wrong, why should one bother one's head about them?"

Lady Wetherby made a faint, dissident murmur. She would have liked to ask what her friend's definition of "doing nothing wrong" was, but was too sensible to put so useless a question. However, there seemed to be no harm in remarking that some women were so situated as to be more open than others to the attacks of spite, and in deploring Mr. Brett's stay-at-home habits.

"But he doesn't stay at home any longer now," returned Marcia, with a short laugh; "he has taken to pursuing me like my shadow of late, and no entertainment is complete without him. You may imagine how he enjoys it!"

This was not very satisfactory hearing to one who wished Marcia well, and Lady Wetherby was glad to think that the London season was within a few weeks of its close. Her kindness of heart prompted her to say, upon the spur of the moment: "I wish you would come down to Wetherby with us when we go, Marcia. It will be dull, of course, because we are to have no visitors at first, I believe; but the rest will be good for you after such a long course of gaiety, and if you don't get tired of us, we shall keep you until Mr. Brett takes his holiday."

"I never get tired of you, Laura," answered Marcia; "you and Willie are the only two people in the world who don't weary me." She paused for a moment and sighed slightly before she added, "Yes; I think I should like to go to Wetherby with you. When is the move to be made?"

"In about ten days, I hope. We have had quite enough of London for this summer, and so, I should think, have you."

Marcia nodded and sighed once more. For the moment she did feel that it would be a relief to escape from the turmoil of

London to the green lawns and leafy glades of Wetherby. She felt, too, that Laura was right in accusing her of imprudence; and although she had fully intended to be imprudent, she did not quite like to hear how successfully her intentions had been carried out. It was all very well to protest indifference to the opinion of spiteful persons, but her nature would not really allow her to be indifferent to anybody's opinion, and, if Mr. Archdale was not worth getting into trouble about, assuredly Eustace was not. It would be the height of folly to place in jeopardy the position which she had laboriously held during so many years for the sake of punishing one man who was incapable of loving her and giving some temporary gratification to another, who would probably forget her existence before she had been a week out of his sight.

But when all was arranged, and when Mr. Brett had signified his cordial approval of the proposed plan, she began to wish that she had not been in such a hurry. Had she so many friends that she must needs deprive herself of the one who was most congenial to her? And was there any reasonable likelihood of Mr. Archdale's possessing a heart of the kind which absence causes to grow fonder? It was not without some nervousness and hesitation that she informed him of her impending departure; for she was sure that he would be greatly distressed, and she dreaded the questions which he might be expected to ask upon the subject. He surprised her by receiving the news quite composedly.

"So you are going to Wetherby?" he said. "That's capital! I'm going there too."

"But not just yet, are you?" asked Marcia. "Laura said nothing about it. In fact I understood that there was to be nobody but themselves in the house."

"Well, I'm nobody; I'm only the artist who comes to paint the walls. When Lord Wetherby gave me the order he said I might choose my own time for executing it, and now I shall avail myself of that gracious permission."

Marcia gave him several good reasons for waiting until he was asked. It was absurd to speak of himself as though he were a mere house-decorator; when he visited Wetherby he must of course do so as a guest; both Laura and Lord Wetherby were anxious, she believed, to lead a life of absolute retirement for a few weeks; he would find the place much more enjoyable later in the year, when the shooting-

parties would have begun. "Besides," she added at length, perceiving that none of these arguments moved him, "they will certainly think that you wish to go there now because I am going."

"Naturally they will," he replied calmly; "that's just what I shall tell them."

Marcia could not help laughing. "Perhaps it will be just as well if you do," she said; "for then they will undoubtedly request you to postpone your visit."

"Do you mean that you would prefer my room to my company?" he asked quickly. "In that case, I need hardly say that I won't attempt to force myself upon you."

She shrugged her shoulders slightly. "I think you know what I mean," she answered. "It will be rather dull at Wetherby, but sometimes dullness has to be endured."

"Only when it is unavoidable, though. I am quite sure that I shall not be able to endure the dullness of London after you have left, so, with your permission, I shall throw myself upon the good nature and hospitality of the Wetherbys. I don't a bit mind their knowing that your presence in the house will be a powerful attraction to me; why shouldn't it be?"

Marcia neither gave her permission nor refused it. She could not very well be more explicit than she had been, and she said to herself that, if he was bent upon courting a rebuff, he must be allowed to do so. Since there was not the smallest chance of his obtaining the invitation of which he made so sure, she felt at liberty to regret that inability and to rejoice a little on his admission that he would find London unbearably dull without her.

But it was with no apprehension of being rebuffed that Archdale went to call upon Lady Wetherby on the following day. Experience, by the light of which we are all wont to steer (and a poor sort of light it is, though perhaps the best obtainable), had long ago taught him that he could get almost anything that he wanted by asking for it prettily, and, although he was not very warmly received, it was with all his usual self-confidence and cheerfulness that he began,—

"So you're off to the country, I hear, Lady Wetherby. I'm very glad of it, because I want to get away from London too, and I don't think there could be a better time for me to make a start with the famous panels. Could you put me up if I ran down in about a week or ten days?"

"Oh, there is no hurry about the pan-

els," answered Lady Wetherby in a tone which was not meant to be encouraging.

"Ah, I'm afraid there's never any hurry where my work is concerned. I'm diligent, but I'm incurably slow, and I really ought not to put off the beginning of this job any longer. Moreover, Mrs. Brett tells me that she is to be your only guest for some weeks to come, so that if I go down now I shall not be in the people's way, and there will be nobody to interrupt me."

"You think there would be no interruptions?"

Archdale laughed. "None of a deleterious kind," he answered. "Mrs. Brett won't be an interruption, you know, she'll be an inspiration."

"I don't think there is any occasion for us to take you away from London before the end of the season," said Lady Wetherby coldly.

"But when I tell you that I am dying to leave London! Now, I know quite well what you are thinking, and you are both right and wrong. You are right about my wishing to be in the same house with Mrs. Brett, whom I still adore in my innocent way, but you are quite wrong in setting me down as dangerous. Really and truly I am not dangerous."

Lady Wetherby tried for a moment to maintain a dignified demeanor, but could not manage it. "If you care to know what I think," said she, "I think you a good deal more conceited than dangerous; but that may not be generally understood, and I suppose you must be aware that there has been a certain amount of gossip about Marcia and you lately. Therefore, if it is the same thing to you, I would rather ask you to come to us in August or September than now."

"But it isn't at all the same thing to me," returned the irrepressible Archdale. "How very unkind you are! Mayn't I come if I promise and swear to behave with the utmost propriety?"

This sort of pleading, which he had found effective in other quarters, was not quite the best that he could have adopted in his present difficulty, and he would no doubt have promised and sworn in vain if Lord Wetherby had not chanced to enter the room before he left it. To that good-natured and easy-going personage he at once appealed.

"I say, Lord Wetherby, I want to go down to your place in a week, and set to work, and Lady Wetherby won't have me, because she is afraid I shall flirt with Mrs. Brett. Did you ever hear of any-

thing more unfounded and ridiculous! Why, I shall be daubing away at the walls pretty nearly all day long!"

"My good fellow," answered Lord Wetherby, "if you aren't afraid of Mrs. Brett, I don't think we need be alarmed on her account. Mrs. Brett can take pretty good care of herself. By all means, come whenever it suits you; only don't blame me if you get a broken heart for your pains."

Archdale seized his advantage with commendable promptitude. "Thanks awfully," said he, "that's all right, then. I'll make my preparations, and drop you a line as soon as I'm ready to begin. Good-bye." And he was out of the house before another word could be uttered.

Lady Wetherby had an admirable temper, but this was more than she could stand. "Everybody knows," she told her husband, "that you have no discrimination, but I really do think that, for my sake if for no one else's, you might have snubbed that man. How he can have the impudence to accept an invitation which I had just refused point-blank to give him, passes my comprehension!"

"He is a little bit cheeky, perhaps," agreed Lord Wetherby, with a meditative smile.

"Cheek is no word for it! Well, since you have asked him, I suppose he must come; but I warn you, that I shall turn him out of the house without ceremony if he doesn't behave himself. I only hope and trust that people won't hear what an idiotic thing we have done."

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

#### A FRENCH PROTESTANT DURING THE REVOLUTION:

##### RABAUT SAINT-ETIENNE.

"Homme libre, chrétien, Républicain par choix, né pour aimer mon frère et servir ma patrie."

ENGLISH Protestants rejoiced in the opportunity of commemorating, during 1888, two anniversaries at once—that of the repulse of "Romish foes" from abroad, and that of the expulsion of "Romish traitors" at home. At none, however, of the Armada and "Glorious Revolution" celebrations has it been noticed that 1888, besides being a Protestant bi- and tri-centenary, is also (if we may coin a word) a uni-centenary. And yet the date stands as an important one in the annals of the Reformed Church of France.

January 29, 1788. "Edict of Tolerance"

for non-Catholics registered by the Parliament of Paris.

And as Rabaut Saint-Etienne, the Protestant pastor whose glory it is to have obtained that edict, became one of the "Fathers of the Revolution," the "Men of 1789" as the phrase is, we shall make no apology for offering for the centenary of 1789 our sketch of a life that touches at its beginning the dragonnades of the old régime, and at its end the worship of the Goddess of Reason under the new.

Jean-Paul Rabaut, called Saint-Etienne, was born in 1743, the eldest son of the "Desert Pastor,"\* Paul Rabaut, almost the last survivor of the heroic age of Huguenotism. It was now more than half a century since Louis XIV. turned his "booted apostles" loose upon the Huguenots; but the persecution, though not quite in its first heat, was still far from being over. Paul Rabaut was a fugitive hiding in caves and thickets; attempts were made to seize his wife as a hostage, and during a hasty flight her child was born in a barn or stable. Throughout his childhood Jean-Paul never knew till supper-time where he should sleep; his father regulated the march, and the children were lodged on the faithful in turn. At the age of eleven he was awaked one morning by a troop of grenadiers demanding entrance to the house where his mother had taken refuge. The next year we find him safe in Geneva, boarding with a refugee pastor, and, later on, transferred to the Lausanne College, which Antoine Court, the "Restorer of the Huguenot Church," had founded for training Desert pastors. Jean-Paul's inclination seems to have been towards the bar,† but, as the professions in France were closed to Huguenots, he resigned himself to entering the ministry.

\* The "Desert" was the wild region of Languedoc and the Cévennes, where Huguenotism lingered after it had been crushed out of the towns. Every pastor adopted for safety a *nom de Désert*, or *alias*, by which he was known among the faithful. Paul Rabaut had at least a dozen "Desert names" of his own, and had given to his three sons in childhood those of Saint-Etienne, Pommier, and Dupuis. To call them by their father's name would have been to expose them as a prey to the pious kidnappers, to whom the law afforded every facility for taking a child out of the control of Huguenot parents.

† Some English books of the time, and also the "Conversations-Lexikon" of Brockhaus (Leipzig, 1878), state that Rabaut Saint-Etienne went to the bar, and combined its practice on week-days with preaching on Sundays. But for this, the present writer has found no French authority, save an entry in one of the contemporary lists of deputies to the States-General: "Rabaud de S. Etienne, ex-Ecclesiastique, Avocat en Parlement." Probably the title was never more than a title. Rabaut himself tells us that in Switzerland every educated man called himself a pastor, and in France either an *avocat* or an *abbé*.

At the age of nineteen he returned to France as a *proposant* (probationary minister). On crossing the border he was greeted with the news of the capture and hanging of the pastor Rochette (1762), and with a request that he would preach the funeral sermon. If we knew Rabaut Saint-Etienne's early life, says his friend Boissy d'Anglas, we should find it as full of perils and heroism as that of any Catholic priest under the Terror; but the records which have come down to us are of more peaceful days. For even now the tide was turning. The "affaire Calas" (only a month later than that of Rochette) enlisted Voltaire's advocacy; and Voltaire ruled every mind in France. By steps too many to relate, the Protestants of France, like the Roman Catholics of England, reached the stage of tacit toleration. Their wrongs, exemplified in the "Honnête Criminel" of Fenouillet de Falbaire's play (1767), drew tears from a court audience. Their meetings for worship in the stone-quarries at Nîmes, where they sat under parasols, upon camp-stools, were winked at by the military authorities; the petitions which they kept on sending to the local parliaments and to the governors of provinces, were actually read, and men in high places intimated that it was time to act upon them. Meanwhile Rabaut Saint-Etienne, rejoicing in the new turn things were taking, made a love-match with a demoiselle Boissière (1768), and developed into a preacher of local fame, whose sermons on the marriage and coronation of Louis XVI. were commended even by Catholics, and whom our Duke of Gloucester (brother of George III.), when passing through Languedoc, came in state to hear. Rabaut drew up a petition for the Huguenot galley-slaves, and suggested to the synod to present to the king a "remonstrance," and to set up a Protestant newspaper. (Projects which were both rejected as being far too audacious). In 1779 he brought out at London a tale called "Le Triomphe de l'Intolérance," which, after various republications and renamings, finally appeared about 1785 as "Le Vieux Cévenol, ou Anecdotes de la Vie d'Ambroise Borély." He had no need to strain his inventive powers for incident. The sufferings he described were all too real. In his fiction, the hero's mother is turned out of doors when on the point of childbirth. So in real life was Madame Pechels, of Montauban. The hero's uncle is drummed into abjuration. So was Chambrun, the pastor of Orange. The hero Ambroise himself is dragooned, beggared, led in the *chaine*

of galley-slaves, but at last escapes to England. From thence the "spleen" drives him back to France, where he meets Sophie Robinel, "pretty without regularity, lively, animated with all the fires of the *Midi*" — a portrait perhaps of the author's own wife. We must deplore that, characteristic of the age, Ambroise, for all his pure religion, has but the morals of a Border ballad-hero, and that, though he insists on a Protestant marriage ceremony, he defers it a little late in the day. Catholic kinsfolk contest the marriage, and Ambroise, after losing a lawsuit, is again a fugitive, widowed, and with a child on his hands which, if it knew, might cry, "Inhuman country! wilt thou brand me from my birth?"

Rabaut's next work was of quite another character, being a "Homage to the Memory of the late Bishop of Nîmes" — Monseigneur de Bec de Lièvre — who seems to have been a worthy man, universally charitable, and who had won Rabaut's antiquarian sympathies by his care for the Maison-Carrée. "It is lawful," says the writer, "to praise those when dead whom we would not have praised while living; and we trust we are not among those vulgar souls who can see no merit in those who differ from them in opinion." The tolerance and moderation of a Huguenot of that age (of which we could cite twenty examples) are the more to be admired when we consider what was still his legal position — illegitimated, excluded from the professions, in strict law liable to death on the gallows.

Such was the state of things when Lafayette, fresh from America, and with his head full of liberty and equal justice, visited Nîmes, and introduced himself to the Rabaut household. "The hero of two worlds pressed in his arms the venerable Desert pastor," and urged the pastor's eldest son to come to Paris to plead the Protestant cause with the king's new ministers. Rabaut Saint-Etienne responded eagerly; his flock subscribed to pay for his journey — not without qualms as to the dangers of *lettres de cachet* and kidnappers on the road — and the Paris world gave a warm reception to the *protégé* of its hero. Counts and marquises were amazed to find in this "child of the Desert" a civilized man with powdered hair and starched neckcloth, a classical scholar, a philosopher well-read in the works of the Encyclopædists, and of Gibbon and Bacon, and even an elegant poet who turned odes easily, and had on hand, it was whispered, an epic poem to the glory of Charles Martel. The cause

he advocated was enthusiastically espoused. In the Assembly of Notables, Lafayette "openly expressed his generous sentiments." Ministers, Academicians, even a bishop, showed themselves well-disposed to the Protestants. In the autumn of 1787 (*sic*) an edict granting to "non-Catholics" the right to live in France and there exercise a profession or trade, to contract civil marriage, and to register their births and burials, was proposed by Louis XVI., and, after some opposition, was registered by the Paris Parliament. "You will easily judge," wrote Lafayette to Washington, "with what pleasure I presented, last Sunday, at a ministerial table, the first Protestant ecclesiastic who has been seen at Versailles since the Revocation of 1685." The Protestants, with joyful and grateful hearts, flocked to ensure their legal status—in some cases, old men came to register the births of three generations, father, child, and grandchild. Opponents of the Revolution point triumphantly to the fact that toleration was granted to Protestants by the king under the old *régime*, and that he had promised to take the penal laws into consideration; and they urge that there is no knowing what further reforms he might have made if his subjects would have left him free to make them.

Rabaut adorned his room with a portrait of Lafayette, inscribed in large gold letters "My Hero," and returned to Languedoc (March, 1788) to preach a sermon on "Render unto Cæsar," which was remembered by hearers who were living in 1850. He was now the greatest man in Nîmes, and that not only with his own flock. He had made a name among the *savants*; his new book on primitive Greek history had been commended by the learned Bailly; and, what was of more general interest, he had added one to the twenty-five hundred and odd pamphlets on the coming States-General. From that day his clerical life was over and his political life began.

The best part of the Abbé Sieyès's famous pamphlet is its title, and that is not of Sieyès's invention. Rabaut's is about as good as Sieyès's without the title; its doctrine is the same, that the Tiers-Etat is the real body of the nation, and the noblesse and clergy mere fractions.\* "Frenchmen," it begins, "your

interests and your glory are at stake! Tiers-Etat, open not your books, regard not what your fathers have done, but resume your place and your ascendancy, for you are the nation. You have been silent because no one consulted you; speak while you may." The Tiers-Etat at Nîmes spoke effectually, by electing the author as the first of its eight deputies to the States-General.

It was a great triumph, seeing that most of the electors were nominal Catholics; but of these many were *philosophers*, and ready to utilize Protestant zeal against the dominant Church. We find nothing in Rabaut's political life to confirm the story that he had vowed vengeance against the clergy for its insults to him as a pastor; he dislikes priests, but it is because they band together with kings and nobles against the people. Rabaut is Anglomaniac, and still more Americomaniac; a hater of war, to which the light of reason is to put an end; he is as Voltairean as a Christian minister can well be; he finds "manly accents" (not a very happy epithet) in Rousseau, and one of his favorite writers is that Abbé Raynal with whom our Dr. Johnson refused to shake hands, as being an unbeliever. In the French Protestant, bred in the sober faith which had succeeded to Camisard fanaticism, we must not look for the fervor of the English Methodist. Rabaut has something in him of the political Dissenter, but much more of his father's millenarianism secularized, leading him to put faith in Anarcharis Clootz and his scheme of a universal nation, and to look on the Revolution of his day as akin to that which once replaced polytheism by Christianity.

In his "Précis Historique de la Révolution," a work which has afforded the model for the letter of the Protestant deputy Chauvel in Erckmann-Chatrian's novel, Rabaut describes the reception of the deputies, and lets out some bitterness at being obliged to put on, "as if to play in a comedy," the lawyer's dress, which he would so gladly have assumed in good earnest at the outset of his career. He notices the two folding-doors opened for the nobles and clergy, and but one for the commons. "These babyisms, which sensible men make light of, have their significance." He counts up the cost of the new palaces, and reflects. "This magnificence is bought with the sweat of the people." He never names himself, but we

you not say at once that the Tiers-Etat is *all*?" But there is no doubt that Rabaut would have said so, only he was too prudent.

\* The sentence, "The Tiers-Etat is the Nation, *minus* the noblesse and clergy," which has been said to contain the whole gist of Sieyès's pamphlet, is in fact, not Sieyès's at all, but quoted by him from Rabaut, and quoted with censure as too mild. "Then some one might come after you and say, 'The noblesse is the Nation, *minus* the Tiers-Etat and clergy.' Why did



learn elsewhere that his was the first motion, and the one finally adopted, for the summons to the privileged orders, and that he drew up the commission, and was chosen first of the commissioners who were to confer with those chosen by the clergy. If the republic began in the States-General, Rabaut is its founder.

We pass over his account of the Tennis-court oath — one which might serve as text to David's picture — his work on the staff of the *Moniteur*, and his contributions to the *Chronique de Paris*. "M. de Saint-Etienne," as he was now called, continued to be courted in society, together with his wife, who is described as a pretty woman, simple and amiable, and with a soul sharing her husband's aspirations. Mirabeau was but a Mi-Rabaut (only worth half of Rabaut), said those who distrusted the court as one merely playing at democracy, and who saw in the ex-pastor, whose grandfather had measured linen over the counter, a true representative of the people.

Rabaut took part in the drawing-up of the Declaration of Rights, "our gospel which is persecuted because it is GOOD NEWS TO THE POOR, AND FOLLY ACCORDING TO THE WORLD;" and his great triumph is his speech of Sunday, August 23, 1789, on Liberty of Cult, which completed the work that the Toleration Edict had left half done.

This edict granted only civil rights to non-Catholics, and not that of assembling publicly for worship, which, as Rabaut ably contended, was an innate right of man, and one which "Christians, by their own principles, could not deny to Christians." Avoiding Voltaire's reproach that "Geneva would imitate Rome," he claimed, not sovereignty for the true believer, but equality for the Protestant, for the Jew, and for all non-Catholics, on the ground that "aristocracy of opinion, feudalism of thought," was incompatible with a free people.

I suppress, gentlemen, a crowd of facts which should endear to you two million sufferers; my country is free, and I would fain forget the ills which we have suffered with her. Gentlemen, you will not let it be said that you contradict your own principles, that you have declared one day that all men are equal, and another day that they are unequal. Generous Frenchmen! Let no one cite to you those nations still intolerant which prescribe *your* worship. You are made to give example, not to receive it. Europe, thirsting for liberty, looks to you for lessons. You are too wise, gentlemen, to fancy that it is reserved for you to do what for six hundred

years men have vainly tried to do, namely, to reduce all men to one cult; you will not think that you possess a right of which your God Himself disdains to make use.

Rabaut was loudly cheered by the Philosophical party, and by his co-religionists in the galleries. Liberty of worship was made a special clause in the declaration. The Protestants of Paris, who had hitherto met in a wine-merchant's parlor, now removed to the Church of St. Louis of the Louvre, and all the town marvelled to see heretics walk unmolested to their *prêche*, at a time, too, when non-juring priests ("papistes" *par excellence* in the language of the day), could not appear in the streets without danger of insult.

In March, 1790, Rabaut was chosen president for one fortnight, as was the custom. "How this would astonish Louis XIV.!" he said when acknowledging the honor; and to his father he wrote, ever respectful, "The president of the National Assembly is at your feet." Alas! there is some doubt whether this election did not provoke the murder of four Nîmes Protestants; there is no doubt that agitators, whom we will not call clerical, by raising a cry that the nation had apostatized, got up a riot at Nîmes, and that for three days the streets ran with blood, while peacemaking priests, at the head of the National Guard, vainly strove to part the combatants. Catholics swore they had heard Rabaut whisper, "We have caught them at last!" when the spoliation of the clergy was decreed. They caricatured him, plane in hand (*rabot*, a play on his name), and with a serpent's tail peeping from beneath his Geneva gown, planing down the constitution; and in an anonymous squib, "The Secret Escaped, or M. Rabaut de Saint-Etienne's Dialogues with two English demoiselles," they represented "the honorable member," at an evening party, unfolding his plots for weakening the Church and embroiling it with the people. Farewell to the days, but a few short months ago, when priest and pastor, after christening each a child on their country's altar, would join in a hymn to Concord, and adjourn to the mayoress's to drink tea and praise the *delicious* Revolution.

In the Assembly the ex-pastor kept a judicious silence on Church matters, but in his "Précis" he gives us the views of a Protestant *philosophe*. On current events he scarcely rises above the ordinary partisan of the Revolution; he takes the mythical "Day of Poniards" quite seriously, and gravely informs us that the

daggers opened with a spring and shot forth a two-edged blade ending *en langue de vipère*. Concerning the famous "O Richard, O mon roi!" banquet, where Marie-Antoinette appeared among the officers, and drew forth demonstrations of loyalty, he uses the stock newspaper phrases of "an indecent orgie," "a deliberate insult to the majesty of the nation," and the equally stock assertions that the next day's insurrection was really a very mild affair, and that the cry, "We bring the baker, baker's wife, and little baker's boy," which the populace shouted in the ears of king, queen, and dauphin, was meant in all loyalty. He had himself known a respectable family which was surnamed Boulanger because it gave much bread to the people. "It is their way of praising." Still, at the present day, we may note that Rabaut sums up his plan of a constitution in three words, "*Liberté, Égalité, Propriété*," which shows that he was no socialist; and that, though he had been too ready to excuse the attacks on châteaux as "part of the universal movement against tyranny," he distinctly condemns the "furious populace," who murdered Foulon, and the "savage who tears out the heart of M. Berthier."

On the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly, Rabaut settled down with his wife in the Rue de l'Echelle Saint Honoré,\* to report for the *Moriteur* the debates of the new Legislative Assembly, and to edit the *Feuille Villageoise* in conjunction with the ex-Abbé Cerutti. This journal merits attention as the prototype of all "Cheap Repositories" and "Useful Knowledge Series." It begins by inviting the curé to read it aloud in church every Sunday, and in simple language it explains the nature of *assignats*, the function of a *juge de paix*, and the right way of growing tobacco. An imaginary M. Etienne Bonnetête is introduced to put forth correct views on taxation; an anxious peasant is assured that he will not be eternally lost for having replaced his SS. Peter and Paul by pictures of Voltaire and Rousseau; and equal joy is displayed at the marriage of nuns or at their good works in the hospitals. Favorable comments, too, are made on some rather doubtful pieces of news from England — the hanging of a London carter for tearing out a horse's tongue,† and the abolition (cer-

tainly a premature report) of the "odious test." And, with only a jarring note where the key of religious bitterness is struck by denouncing some sham miracle, said to be wrought by or for *prêtres réfractaires*, the volume closes with a beautiful vision of all Europe, led by France, disbanding its armies, and sitting every man under his own vine or by his own tobacco-plant, to read the Declaration of Rights and the Scriptures.

To this same period belongs a correspondence with the English Unitarian minister, Dr. Price, advocating an international union, political and religious, and two printed "Adresses aux Anglais" on the same subject, which were duly sent over, and read and admired by Rabaut's English Dissenting friends,\* but their influence probably went no further. More practically important was the publication of the "*Précis de la Révolution*," a fat little duodecimo with a frontispiece where Peace and Plenty trample on the emblems of superstition in the foreground, while a winged and torch-bearing Liberty hovers in mid-air above. But as the year went on, Rabaut found that in real life Peace and Plenty were retreating further and further, and that the Liberty who presided over the scene was not the genuine article. A new set of revolutionists had sprung up, with whom he had nothing in common. "They know not true liberty," he said; "we have more to dread from them than from the emigrants." The Revolution was outstripping him, and yet he must follow it. A Protestant could not draw back. Counter-revolution meant the restoration of a Church smarting under recent injuries. Royalists and clericals would be sure to point out how ill the Protestants had requited the old *régime* for its concessions to them, and how little claim they had for a continuance even of toleration. Barnave, the suppressor of the monastic orders, was a Protestant; Marat, indeed, was one by birth; and in the main, Protestants had sided with the Revolution, and the Revolution with them. Rabaut could not think his work had been all in vain when he saw the municipality of Paris solemnly assisting at the Protestant service of thanksgiving for the Constitution, or when he pictured his Nîmes congregation, now installed in a ci-divant Church of the Dominicans. His father,

\* Sir R. Musgrave (Memoirs of the Different Rebelions in Ireland, vol. I., p. 129) asserts that during this interval Rabaut was sent over to Dublin, with offers of help to the United Irishmen; but Madden contests this. (United Irishmen, vol. II., ch. iv., p. 43.)

† Unluckily, English books tell us that this man went

free, because there was no law under which he could be punished.

\* See Mrs. Barbauld's letter, July 13, 1791, in Clenden's Early Life of Samuel Rogers (1887), ch. xii., p. 204.

though infirm, and pensioned off, had taken his part in the dedication. "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," he read, after giving the blessing, "for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

When the elections for the Convention began, Rabaut (on his reputation alone, so says Boissy d'Anglas, but Camille Desmoulins insinuates that there was some jobbery on the part of Roland) found himself invited to sit for a department, the Aube, where he knew nobody, and where there was not a single Protestant. Immediately he wrote to the Assembly that he always had hated and would hate monarchy, and then took his seat, this time avowedly as "ministre évangélique" — he had been "homme de lettres" in the first Assembly. There were, in all, seven *ministres* in the Convention, ranging from Lasource, who sang hymns with his fellow-captive before execution, down to Jullien, who abjured Christianity on the altar of Reason. Another "displayed such calm and such courage in the great naval battle against Lord Howe!" This is the French account; we English know him as "Poor John," who "fled full soon on the first of June." Finally, there was Rabaut's brother, Jacques-Antoine, called Pommier, unwisely quitting his church and hospital at Montpellier, and his experiments on *la picote* (local name for sheep, goat, and cow pox).\*

In the new Convention Rabaut, now attached to the Girondin or Moderate party, took as his line the maintenance of the Assembly's rights, in opposition to the growing power of the commune. As an interlude, he proposed a scheme of national education — "Cretan," he called it, having some misty idea that it resembled the laws of Minos. In every canton a Senate of men and women past sixty was to be empowered to censure all children guilty of cowardice, cruelty, or disobedience, all parents over-indulgent or neglectful of their children; and to give public *éloges* to the contrary virtues. The children's dress from birth to adolescence was to be designed by the Corps Législatif. On appointed Sundays there should be held in the National Temple the *Fête des Enfants* and the *Fête des Adolescents*, when the municipal officers were to exam-

ine all children aged ten and fifteen, the juniors in the Declaration of Rights and the *hymnes civils*, the seniors in the catechisms of the Constitution and of the rights of nations, to be hereafter drawn up by the Corps Législatif. In this same National Temple, or in the churches while this was building, the municipal officers were to read to the citizens every Sunday the Declaration of Rights and a moral lesson out of books approved by the Corps Législatif, and the citizens were to sing hymns to the *Patrie*, to fraternity, and to all the civil virtues, these hymns being first approved by the Corps Législatif. Here we have Church and State, and no doubt about it.

But all lesser matters were swallowed up in the great question whether the king should or should not be brought to trial before the Convention, and against this Rabaut set himself far too strongly for prudence. His most celebrated speech — and that which ruined him — was made in vain endeavor to avert the trial, or at least to have it conducted with legal forms, by a regularly appointed tribunal.

You say that it is no new thing for you to pronounce judgments; I reply that is just what I complain of. I, for one, am sick of my share of despotism, I am fatigued, harassed, tormented by the tyranny in which I take part, and I sigh for the moment when a national tribunal shall relieve me of the form and countenance of a tyrant. . . . [Murmurs.] . . . History blames the English, not that they judged their King, but that the Commons, secretly pushed by Cromwell, . . . [Redoubled murmurs] . . . had usurped the right of judging, that they set at nought the legal forms, that they declared themselves exponents of the will of a people whom they had never consulted. And this very people — this people of London, which was said to have so pressed for the death of the King — was the first to curse his judges and to bow before his successor. The city of London feasted the restored Charles II., the people displayed riotous joy, and crowded round the scaffolds of those very judges, sacrificed by Charles to the shade of his father. People of Paris, Parliament of France, have you understood me?

"Louis dead will be more dangerous than Louis living," he urged for the last time, after giving his vote for the mild sentence of "Detention during the war and banishment afterwards." "I would fain see my countrymen not savage tigers, but disdainful lions." He had tried to enlist his friends on the side of mercy, but

\* In 1812 James Ireland (misnamed Sir Henry Ireland in the *Biographie universelle*), a Bristol merchant, and a great light of Methodism, certified that as early as 1784 M. Rabaut-Pommier had informed Dr. Pugh, friend of Jenner, of a possible substitute for inoculation. By that time, however, Jenner had perfected the invention, and Rabaut-Pommier put in his claim too late.

\* Every one knew that the Cromwell pointed at was Robespierre.

with small success, it would appear, since he could not persuade his own brother to anything more decided than "Death, with respite"—a miserable subterfuge. Out of seven pastors four were regicides, and but one voted with Rabaut; this, we record it to his honor, was Bernard Saint-Afrique, of whom history tells little more than that he lived to be the father-in-law of one peer of France, and the stepfather of another.

Rabaut was elected president of the Convention for the week following the king's execution, and he did his best to disprove the charge already brought against him of royalism. "Brave enemy of kings," he said to the Dutchman who came to thank France for declaring war on his country, "gladly will we shed our blood with yours for the cause of Liberty and Equality." He duly embraced and adopted in the name of the nation the child of Lepelletier, the murdered regicide, and he addressed to her a pretty speech about "the immortal name of her father, the martyr of Liberty." But his fortunes were now past redeeming. His efforts to save the king had cost him his place on the *Moniteur*. A notice, three times repeated (*Moniteur* of March 10-12, 1793), informed the world that for nearly four months ("i.e., since the time of the king's trial), the citizen Rabaut has ceased to be on our staff;" and it is significant that from that same time the *Moniteur* began to abridge or omit the Girondins' speeches. The "Tragedy of the Girondins" was now beginning, and Rabaut had to play his part as one of the fated victims. It was remembered that he had been the *protégé* of Lafayette—Lafayette was now outlawed and a fugitive—that he was friendly with the equally heretical Bailly, and (even this is gravely noted down in Robespierre's papers) that in old days at Nîmes he had got up a subscription for a book by one Ronsin, who had lately come out with a drama of Fayetteist tendencies. Jacobin orators, once so ready to play off Protestant against Catholic now contemptuously hinted that one kind of priest was as bad as another. And the alarms of Rabaut and all his party were justified by the appearance of a pamphlet by Camille Desmoulins—"Hommes d'Etat démasqués"—attacking the Girondins by name, and "the priest Rabaut" in particular as a mere creature of Roland's; "Roland distributed deputies' medals as the kings did cardinals' hats." "And Rabaut was worth his price," adds the venomous pamphleteer. "Charged to poison public opinion, he

prepared with great skill a certain varnish of moderation with which to overlay his verdigris. With three mouths, the *Moniteur*, *Mercur*, and *Chronique*, this Brissotin\* Cerberus barked daily at the Mountain. 'Sick of his share of *Royalty*,' misquotes Camille, like all false witnesses, "he would gladly have resigned his quota to Capet." But the crowning sin which is charged upon poor Rabaut is making grimaces with set purpose to put Robespierre out of countenance during one of his best speeches. "This one trait lays bare the soul of this Rabaut—this priest, this reptile, this slave, this traitor, this tartuffe—this Brissotin, in short; and I move that he shall not be guillotined, but that when the good time comes that men shall ask what was a Brissotin, he shall be stuffed, and preserved as a perfect specimen in the Cabinet of Natural History."

Rabaut's fall dates actually from May 18, 1793, the day that the Girondin Guadet uttered his conviction that the commune of Paris was plotting to enact something of the nature of "Pride's Purge" on the Convention, and the Convention thereupon elected a "Council of Twelve" to keep a watch on the commune, and report on suspicious proceedings. The ablest men of the Gironde were chosen, among them Rabaut Saint-Etienne; and the Council thus formed sat day and night in the king's kitchen, examining witnesses, turning over the municipal registers, inviting every good citizen to reveal what he might know of treason, and issuing mandates of arrest. How it tried conclusions with Hébert, substitute of the procureur of the commune and editor of the notorious journal *Père Duchesne*, how it got the worst of it, and how the "sections" of Paris rose up against the Girondins, may be read in the *Moniteur*, or, more briefly and more vividly, in Carlyle. After that stormy Sunday (May 26) when section after section of Paris came shrieking for Hébert and against the "Duodecenvirs," Rabaut, sitting late into the small hours with Garat (minister of the interior), told him that he himself had done all he could to dissuade the Council from arresting Hébert, a step for which he knew that their strength was insufficient.

We quote Rabaut's own description of the ensuing week of chaos: "Represent-

\* A name invented by Marat for the Girondins. Brissot, "who lived like Aristides and died like Algeron Sidney," was one of the leaders of the Girondin party in the Convention, and the editor of their principal journals.



tatives of the people have not blushed to drown with their voices the voice of our reporters, packed galleries have hooted them down, and twice has this struggle of triumphant vice with persecuted virtue lasted six whole hours, a spectacle unparalleled by any civilized nation." On the evening of Monday the 27th, after the first attempt to read the report of the twelve had been howled down, we have a glimpse of Rabaut in the committee-room, "looking tired to death, supping broth," and pursued even there by the mayor of Paris and two or three Montagnards, all blaming him for the disturbances. Danton and Marat were foremost in raging against the hapless Twelve. Robespierre took no part, being ill. He had the knack, invaluable to politicians, of falling ill at critical moments.

The next day, Rabaut was put on to make a second attempt to read the obnoxious report, in which the commune's plots were unveiled, and which the commune and its allies, the Montagnards, were determined should not be read. Rabaut, with a great bundle of papers, was at it for full two hours, but all the words he is recorded to have got out are: "The Council cannot . . . Will you, or will you not, have the Report? . . . In the name of the public safety! . . . Hear the Report!" and finally, in despair, "I give in my resignation from the Council!" But the concession came too late to save him. Hébert, who had been "provisionally released," was at that moment receiving the embraces and the oak-garlands of his colleagues, and petitions were drawing up for the arrest of all the Twelve, and especially of the "priest Rabaut, the editor of four poisonous journals, the legislator four times subsidized, the defender of the traitor Lafayette."

Friday, May 31, dawned, the day on which everybody understood the *purgation pridienn*e (Pride's Purge) of the Convention was to be effected. Rabaut, with five of his colleagues, had spent the night, two in a bed, in a room in an obscure *faubourg* with doors barred and pistols and swords in readiness. At 3 A.M. they were roused by the tocsin from Notre-Dame and from Saint-Eustache calling all Paris to the attack. We should like to believe the story that Rabaut, once more acting in his old capacity as pastor, knelt and prayed aloud for France and for the party of law and order, and by his Christian confidence kept up the hearts of his more sceptical companions; but for want of contemporary evidence, we fear

that we must set it down as one of Lamar-tine's little embellishments. The testimony of Louvet, an eye-witness, points rather the other way, for he avers that when the little band of Girondins, on their way to the Convention, found an unpleasant looking crowd gathering about them, Rabaut plainly showed his uneasiness. More than once, as they walked along, he repeated "*Illa suprema dies!*"\*

It was Rabaut's last appearance in the Convention. Once again, for the space of three hours, he strove to make his voice heard against a storm of howls and yells; he was interrupted at every word, he was given the lie direct, he was shrieked at as "Priest!" "Constitutionalist!" and other names which are best not repeated; he was literally spat upon. "The Council demands to justify itself," he gasped forth, audibly enough for the words to be reported, "and you refuse to hear it! . . . You accuse it because you know that it could accuse you!" Then, in the midst of "indescribable tumult," a kindly door-keeper helped him to slip out; and the rest of the Girondins seem to have followed his example.

Next day, Saturday, we find Rabaut and some twenty colleagues dining with the deputy Meillan, who gave them all the chairs in his house to sleep upon, and on the morrow, June 2 — the fatal Sunday — went to and fro, keeping them informed how matters were going in the Convention. They were debating whether again to try their luck there, when in rushed Rabaut's brother, Pommier, as if beside himself. "There is no more Convention!" he cried. "They are breaking into the hall! they are laying hands on the deputies! *Sauve qui peut! Sauve qui peut!*" The Girondins embraced each other, and did as he advised.

Rabaut Saint-Etienne's first thought was for their papers, and he and Bergoing hurried at once to the latter's lodgings, in the Rue J. J. Rousseau, where each took a copy of that unlucky report. Bergoing escaped with his copy to Caen, and there got it printed. As for Rabaut, he took shelter first at the house of the English Protestant, Helen Maria Williams, and there gave himself up to despair, less for the almost certain loss of his own life than for that of his country's liberty. His

\* Carlyle transfers this exclamation to the morning of June 2, which was more truly the *suprema dies*, but there can be no doubt that the right date is May 31. (Louvet, *Mémoires*, p. 89, the passage which Carlyle himself cites). It is one of the few occasions that Louvet gives a precise date, and he adds, moreover, that it was the last time he saw Rabaut Saint-Etienne.



name appeared in the "List of Deputies who could not be placed under arrest, not being in their domicile;"\* and an address from his own constituents of Arcis-sur-Aube (or from those who professed to speak for them) demanded vengeance on the fugitives, and "above all, on our own deputy, the tartuffe Rabaut." But of the tartuffe himself all trace was lost, till, in a week or two, there appeared at Nîmes a "Précis hastily traced by the citizen Rabaut Saint-Étienne, at the moment when a decree wrested from the Convention drove him to seek shelter from the bloody and liberticidal plots of which he had acquired only too good certitude." In this, to the wrath of the Mountain, all the provinces could read what Paris was forbidden to hear. "Men say the Council had exceeded its powers." Rabaut concluded, "Would to God it had, for in that case it would have saved the republic, and the National Convention would not be enslaved to the commune of Paris."

Rabaut had found a refuge in the house of a Nîmes Protestant in the suburbs of Versailles, and, probably by the instrumentality of his brother, he got his manuscript conveyed to the press. A few days later he himself, and probably his wife with him, arrived at Nîmes. There he hoped to find shelter and support, for, on the first news of the insurrection of June 2, Nîmes had broken off all connection with the capital, had closed its branch Jacobin club, and had joined the southern federation of "Seventy-three respectable cities" against Paris. There was assembling of sections, there were oaths of union "soon to be cemented on the banks of the Seine;" Rabaut Saint-Étienne was given an enthusiastic reception in the new theatre, and twelve hundred men were despatched to join the confederate forces which were to march upon Paris. But Albitte, agent of the Convention, sent four thousand men to intercept them at Pont Saint-Esprit, and the Nîmois retreated without firing a shot. Next day the Sectional Assembly of Nîmes retracted all its measures, and declared itself no longer "in a state of resistance to oppression."

Rabaut's supporters fled to Switzerland; Rabaut himself,

As a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,  
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,

\* "Placed under arrest, he eluded the vigilance of his guard." (Haag, La France protestante, article Rabaut.) This can hardly be correct; we have not only this list in the *Moniteur*, and H. M. Williams's statement, but also Rabaut's own testimony in his letter to Nîmes: "I have not obeyed the decree of arrest."

made his way back to Paris, there to find himself in worse plight than ever—outlawed, declared a traitor to his country, and with Albitte and Saint-Just demanding vengeance on him as an "incendiary writer." Robespierre laid it down, with special application to Rabaut, that "the liberty of the press must not be allowed to jeopard public liberty;" and Garat, who owed to Rabaut his place in the ministry, and says in his memoirs, "We were very intimate, I liked him personally, and I knew that he loved truth," now, as editor of the *Moniteur*, wrote his well-known letter to Robespierre: "I am hard at work to correct the effect of a few debates touched up by Rabaut Saint-Étienne. This Rabaut had been on our staff only three weeks [three years would have been nearer the truth]. We have got rid of him." One friend alone, a Catholic from Nîmes, Etienne Peyssac, or De Peyssac, clerk in the Bureau des Subsistances, remembering old obligations to Rabaut *père*, received the persecuted man and his brother Pommier into his house in the Faubourg Poissonnière (now Arrondissement de l'Opéra). Here the brothers, with their own hands, walled off the end of their host's bedroom for a secret chamber, employing a skilled carpenter to make the door, which was concealed by a bookcase placed against it, and here they lay hidden for over four months, letting their beards grow, and employing themselves in writing historical letters in continuation of the "Précis de la Révolution."

Meanwhile, the trial of the Girondins proceeded, absent and present being indicted together, on charges of raising the standard of revolt at Nîmes and elsewhere, of Orleanism, royalism—in evidence of which was cited Rabaut's speech against bringing Louis XVI. to trial. Rabaut was more particularly accused of having what would now be called "cooked" the *Moniteur*, misrepresenting and disfiguring the speeches of the "patriots." The accused were of course all found guilty, and the twenty-one who were actually in the hands of the Revolutionary Tribunal were duly sent to the guillotine.

All through November, while the guillotine was hard at work, shearing off Philippe Egalité's and Madame Roland's

It is to be hoped that this point will be reconsidered in the revised "France protestante," now appearing.

\* Papiers trouvés chez Robespierre, II. 129. The letter is signed only G\*\*\*\*, and headed "Rédacteur de l'article 'Convention Nationale' du *Moniteur*," but there can be no doubt as to the author. The description fits Garat, and, moreover, the baseness and servility are quite in accordance with his character.

heads amongst others, while apostate Catholic priests were embracing apostate Protestant pastors at the altar of the Goddess of Reason, and Protestant chalices lay heaped together with Catholic pyxes and monstrances ready for the melting-pot—all through those days of grotesque horror Rabaut lay safe in his hiding-place. French Protestants please themselves with the thought that, had he been at large, Bishop Grégoire would not have stood alone in his courageous protest against apostasy. The tide of godless fanaticism was just beginning to turn, and Robespierre, through jealousy of Hébert, was appearing almost as the champion of Catholicism, when the end came. On December 4, Amar, who had acted as the accuser at the trial of the Girondins, announced the capture of the two Protestant brothers.

Who betrayed the hiding-place? Peyssac himself, according to one story, seldom cited but to be contradicted; according to others, a maidservant, belonging either to Rabaut or Peyssac. But the more usual account assigns the part to the carpenter, under the influence, as some say, of fear, Peyssac having unwisely given him a job of work at the Committee of Public Safety, where he heard nothing but threats against the proscribed and those who concealed them. Another version makes the betrayal unintentional. Fabre d'Eglantine, "powerful but trembling," thought it might be well to have a secret chamber ready for himself, and sounded this man, the best of his trade in Paris. The man understood at once. "Oh, yes, citizen, I have just made a place like that at the citizen Peyssac's, that I defy any one to find out." Fabre went straight off and gave information.

Lacretelle (c. 1803) gives a yet blacker tale of treachery. According to him, Madame Rabaut was accosted in the street by a Montagnard (whom later writers identify with Amar himself), a prominent agent in the Girondin proscription, but an old friend of Rabaut's, and anxious, said he, to shelter him in his own house. The wife distrusted, but the husband welcomed the offer, as relieving at least the Peyssac family from danger. The hiding-place was revealed; an hour of the night was appointed for the removal. Amar entered the house at the head of guards. "He comes to arrest the unhappy man who was extending his arms to him."\*

\* We incline to the Fabre d'Eglantine story, as being adopted by Mercier, an ally of the Girondins

Rabaut was *hors la loi*; he was condemned without trial. Louvet gives us the date: "Rabaut Saint-Etienne, murdered at Paris, 15 frimaire, an II." (December 5, 1793, old style), the very day that, by a cruel irony, saw liberty of worship re-established. The manuscripts found with him were laid before Robespierre, who cast carelessly aside a "Treatise on National Education" and a "Parallel between Hesiod and Genesis," but paused upon the "Historical Letters," and "A Memoir on the Plots against the Convention," the last being, it is averred, a complete exposure of the Terrorist line of action, both before and after the fall of Robespierre. At any rate, the letters or the memoir roused the tyrant's wrath, and moved him to blast Rabaut's character by charging him—"this Protestant minister, this monster of shame and crime"—with being in the pay of foreign courts to write against Catholicism and revive Vendean enmity against the republic. The papers were burnt at the foot of their author's scaffold.

A glimpse of Rabaut's last moments is afforded us by Le Borgne, one of the favored few who lived to tell what Fouquier-Tinville's tribunal was like:—

I was most impressed with Rabaut de Saint-Etienne. He was condemned the same day that I was interrogated; my hands were bound, the sign of condemnation, and I was led out to wait for the cart. Rabaut came next; he exclaimed, "I know it now, this *tribunal of blood*, these impious judges, these hangmen who stain with blood the Republic!" "Hold thy tongue!" cried a *gendarme*, "do as this young man, who is condemned like thee and takes it quietly." I was about to protest; Rabaut forestalled me. "*Eh, mon ami*," he said, "soon they will no longer trouble to hear the accused; we are in the hands of assassins." I was dragged to the wicket: they were about to cut my hair for the guillotine. Rabaut joined his voice to mine to plead that I was not yet condemned. A turnkey confirmed the fact, and I was removed. Rabaut kissed me: I see yet his eyes gleam with horror at this new kind of crime, and he forgot that which was committed against himself.

He asked leave to bid farewell to his brother; but hearing that this would in-

(Nouveau Paris, 1796— in his version the workman is not aware that his *cache* is for anything more precious than silver plate), and also by Beaulieu (Biographie universelle, 1835), who professes to have seen Rabaut-Pommier (the brother) a prisoner, "in the most deplorable condition." It has been suggested that the later version may be the true one, kept back so long as Amar was in power, but it has the drawback that it places Rabaut's wife at Paris, while Boissy d'Anglas tells us that she remained at Nîmes.

volve sending to Fouquier-Tinville for an order, he declined to keep the cart waiting. "After all, it would but give needless pain to my brother. Let us set out."

In his pastoral days Rabaut had been noted for being very comforting to the dying. We trust that he was now able to comfort his fellow-sufferer — Kersaint, the deputy who had resigned his seat after the king's execution, "to sit no longer with men of blood." Both victims died firmly, though in their case, as in that of so many others, to the bitterness of death there was added the bitterness of public hate and ridicule. The *muscadins* among the spectators — the young men of the better class, whose sympathies might have been expected to be Girondin — only set up a laugh at Rabaut's unshaven visage, and a storm of groans followed, which had not ceased when his head fell. Even without this needless cruelty, death must have been hard to bear, harder than for a Royalist, who might glory as in a martyrdom. But a Girondin had so loved the republic!

Peysnac and his wife were guillotined for having sheltered one who was *hors la loi*. Madame Rabaut, at Nîmes, learned her husband's death from the cry of a newspaper-seller, and, maddened by grief, she shot herself sitting on the edge of a well, so that drowning completed the work of the pistol. Old Paul Rabaut, who had wandered thirty years with a price on his head, and had never been taken, was now pounced upon partly as father to an emigrant, partly as being, if not a priest, next door to one. Too infirm to walk, he was set on an ass, and led through a shouting crowd to the citadel of Nîmes, built by Louis XIV. to overawe the Protestants. Without hope or desire to live, he applied himself to console his fellow-captives. The fall of Robespierre released him, but only to die in three months, and to be laid in his own cellar, Christian burial being still prohibited.\* Rabaut-Pommier lay long months in the Conciergerie, a prey to all the ailments brought on by damp. He was at last recalled to the Convention with the surviving Girondins. After sitting among the Ancients and holding a sous-prefecture, he finally subsided into a pastor of the Reformed Church at Paris, and died peaceably in 1820, leaving two printed sermons of thanksgiving, one for "Napoleon the Deliverer," and the other for the Bourbon

Restoration. It is to be feared that he had become something of a trimmer. There was more of the spirit of Rabaut Saint-Etienne in his youngest brother, Dupuis, who, to see the last of his father, braved the law against returned emigrants, who, when Conventionnel agent at Toulouse, took upon him to stay the execution of a Royalist, and who met his death, in 1808, in snatching a child from under the hoofs of a runaway horse. The child, Gache by surname, lived to be *chef de division* of the prefecture of the Gard in 1853, and bore testimony in the local *Courrier* to Rabaut-Dupuis's devotion.

Thus ends Rabaut Saint-Etienne's history, that of every "moderate" man who rashly allies himself with the destructive forces which will indeed sweep away his enemies, but which will next turn upon him as being an enemy himself. For Rabaut, indeed, there is the excuse that the circumstances were new, and that he could not reasonably be expected to foresee the results. Least of all could he have foreseen that the tyranny of the Church would give place to a tyranny of irreligion, and that, in the words of a modern French writer, "our Protestantism would pay the blood-tax twice over."

In his personal history, perhaps the most remarkable thing is that he should, even for a moment, have been counted the equal of Mirabeau — Mirabeau, who stands forever the central figure of the early Revolution! Rabaut Saint-Etienne has but a few lines in general history, and a niche among the worthies of Nîmes. His co-religionists, indeed, attempt to make him out the ideal Christian pastor, a height to which he never really attained. He entered the ministry without a vocation (in the eighteenth century, and in the circumstances of French Protestantism, it would be hard to blame him); and though the power of consoling the dying implies some true religious fervor, still his success as a pastor seems to have been due more to intellectual than to spiritual gifts. In the second stage of his career the *philosophe* is more prominent than the Protestant; but to the end he blends with the pseudo-classical cant of the Revolution recollections of the Scriptural prophecies of a reign of peace on earth, and his enthusiasm is that of a fifth-monarchy man. The ex-Jacobin Prud'homme, indeed, censures him as an adventurer who, "believing neither in the Trinity nor the Sacraments," had yet assumed the position of "a little patriarch of the Protestant Church;" while a Catholic partisan, the

\* About 1880 the cellar was excavated, the bones were identified, in size and contour, with the police *signalement* of 1750, and the spot was marked by a memorial tablet.

Abbé Barruel, shows him to us as a leading Freemason (in the French Catholic vocabulary Freemasonry means aggressive infidelity), plotting the destruction of all religion and society, and fiercely maintaining at the dinner-table that all the education a people needed was contained in the Declaration of Rights. But Rabaut's very nickname of "priest" proves that his conduct was not ostentatiously unclerical. As a politician, he was not wiser or better than his party. He had the faults of his school—the readiness to make light of lawlessness so long as it was on his own side, and, while condemning war as the cruel sport of kings, to cry out for war to deliver Europe from kings. It is difficult to reconcile his early disavowal of "the ridiculous project to republicanize our holy and venerable monarchy" with some later expressions about "unmasking kings throughout the world, and calling them to account for their long series of outrages." But no act of cruelty, of treachery, or of greed can be proved against Rabaut individually. That he was a lovable man the testimony of those who knew him abundantly shows. We might quote in his favor Boissy d'Anglas, who shared his house at Nîmes for ten years, saw him every day, and every day liked him better. We might quote Riouffe (*Mémoires d'un Détenu*): "Chénier, Rabaut, Lavoisier, Barnave, names dear to arts, science, and eloquence, who can efface you from my memory?" We might quote the pastor Marron of Paris, who tells how, in prison, he was washing up the dishes, when a lad employed about the place began talking to him, and burst into tears at hearing that he had been a friend of Rabaut Saint-Etienne. "Is it possible? Oh, sir, if I had known that, you should have washed no dishes." And taking the cloth from his hand, he finished the work himself, and came every day to do it, all for the sake of Rabaut Saint-Etienne. We might quote Rabaut-Pommier's *Éloge* of his brother: "Dear and illustrious victim, receive the homage of thy mourning colleagues. France now prospers under a republic such as thou hast desired for her. Thou art avenged, generous sufferer; and we are comforted." But these were sympathizers in politics and religion. Rather let us end with an extract from Dampmartin, a Catholic and Royalist. Despite the rococo style, and the epithets, which now sound almost burlesque, of *homme sensible* (man of feeling), and "friend of humanity," it is impossible not

to recognize the accents of unfeigned regret and affection.

It is only by a reasoned effort that I resist the desire to pay a tribute to the memory of Rabaut de Saint-Etienne. The undue restlessness of an otherwise virtuous father, and zeal for his religion, threw him among the leaders of a faction; but, like a clear stream traversing foul and pestilential marshes without altogether losing its purity, this man of virtue and feeling always retained many marks of his excellent character; his gentle eloquence penetrated the hearers with emotion. Often, after he had spoken, was he designated as "the orator who unites so much *esprit* and good taste with such profound and varied knowledge; the true friend of humanity.

E. PERRONET THOMPSON.

From The National Review.

THE CENTENARY OF WHITE'S "SELBORNE."

IT is one of the peculiarities, one of the charms let us rather call it, of our English literature, that so many of the greatest writers have been, if not naturalists, at least amateurs of natural history. This pleasing characteristic is confined to no special age or style, though, as might be expected, it predominates in the poets. It is impossible, for instance, to read very far in Chaucer, without coming upon some phrase which indicates his shrewd observation of bird and beast. Thus, in "The Wif of Bathes Tale," that vivacious lady describes herself, and no doubt with much truth, as having been in her young days—what she is, indeed, as we know her—as "*joly as a pie*." The wife of Midas, able no longer to keep the fatal secret pent in her own breast, rushed to the "mareis" and laid her mouth to the water, even as *a bitore bumbleth in the mire*." And for a description, about five hundred years old, of Russell the Fox, these lines, put into the mouth of the "cok highte Chaunteclere," are certainly very happy:—

His colour was betwix yelow and red;  
And tipped was his tail, and both his eres  
With black, unlike the remenant of his heres.  
His snout was smal, with glowing eyen tway:  
Yet for his loke almost for fere I dey.

The encyclopædic Shakespeare, as is well known, betrays at every turn his acquaintance with the habits of the lower animals. A whole volume has been written on his ornithology alone. He noticed details which even professed naturalists are seldom able to observe. Examples of this discerning faculty may be seen in his

allusions to the hedgehog and the mole. Very few persons are competent to describe, from their own experience, the cry of the urchin. But Shakespeare, if we may trust Professor Bell, has chosen a very felicitous expression in the line, "Thrice and once the hedge-pig *whin'd*." So, too, when he writes, "Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not hear a footfall," he exhibits a knowledge which to this day is not generally distributed; for five out of every six country gentlemen, to say nothing of field laborers, are totally ignorant of the mole's remarkable hearing powers. Bacon, again, besides sundry parentheses on the subject in his other works, published (or, more strictly, wrote, for it was given to the public the year after his death) a special volume, the "*Sylva Sylvarum*," which consists of a miscellaneous collection of observations and experiments in natural history. This is voted by no less an authority than Professor Fowler to be "far from contemptible; it is probably the best and most complete single collection of the kind that, up to that time, had been published." Finally, Joseph Addison, if most thoroughly at home in the town, by no means loses his way in the domain of Pan and Pomona. "I must confess," he cries, "I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life." In proof whereof he observes elsewhere: "The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind; and yet there is not the least turn in the muscles, or twist in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life than any other cast or texture of them would have been."

While, however, these parenthetical allusions are always so welcome in the pages of our poets and philosophers, authors, who devote themselves exclusively to the illustration of natural history, have not, with very rare exceptions, achieved a permanent popularity. It must not, of course, be supposed that popularity and real worth are, in books any more than in individuals, freely convertible terms. No one will care to deny the scientific value, greatly increased of late years, of our standard works in this branch of literature. But the fact remains that they appeal to the few rather than to the many. The claims of science have proved in almost every case incompatible with those of "readableness," with the result that while there is an unlimited reference library, there are not more than half-a-dozen

books which any one, fond of nature, but not a serious student of her, cares to read. And this is all the more remarkable when we consider that most of us are born with something of an interest in the habits of the fur-clad and wing-borne community. It would seem an easy matter to engage the attention of so favorably prejudiced a public. Yet, if we remove the names of Gilbert White and Richard Jefferies from our list of authors, we shall find it a matter of great difficulty to mention any others, whose writings are at once scientifically accurate and popular. Bishop Stanley's "*History of Birds*" is pleasant reading and still holds its own, but it is too full of extraordinary anecdotes to commend itself to those who wish to learn something beyond the tricks of our friends in feathers; an excellent book for boys, but not often to be seen in middle-aged hands. The late Rev. J. G. Wood was a prolific writer, and we were all sorry to learn that his profits had been in inverse ratio to his diligence and voluminousness. He, too, committed the error of trusting too much to anecdote for the success of his books, which please the young, but have little in them that is calculated to gratify children of a larger growth. They are seldom or never quoted by scientific naturalists, and have an air of being written "to sell," a legitimate object certainly, but not conducive to lasting popularity. Least of all are they redolent of the country; it is impossible to trace in them an atom of spontaneity.

Gilbert White's personal history, like that of many another man famous only after his death, is pretty much veiled in obscurity. There is no portrait of him, and the strictest research in his native parish has produced nothing more tangible than that he was "a little, thin, prim, upright man." But we can scarcely wonder at this. Selborne, to this day, is not too accessible, and a hundred years ago must have been literally in the wilderness. The population, then as now, was wholly agricultural, and the agricultural mind, with many fine qualities, is apt to be provokingly obtuse when it comes to a question of evidence or recollection. When Frank Buckland went down to collect details for his edition of White's "*Selborne*," he was unable to bring away with him anything more than a general testimony to the inoffensiveness of the man; there was no definite tradition concerning him, if we except the legend of a venerable native who, by a vast effort of memory, supplied the information that "he used to keep a



*locust* crawling in the garden," a libel on poor Timothy, the tortoise, which would have greatly tickled his master. In all probability, however, his character, as observed by his parishioners, had few salient points. We know from his letters that he entertained a most modest opinion of his own ability, that his habits were as quietly methodical as those of the animals he delighted to observe, that he never wrote a line for either name or fame. The only really authentic account of him is contained in a memoir, brief and never published, by his nephew, Edmund White, who was vicar of the adjoining parish of Newton Valence. This gentleman, as quoted by Professor Bell, who was permitted to consult the MS., speaks of his "kindness of heart, and his pure Christian and religious principles." He mentions also that he enjoyed the peculiarity of attaching to himself all of every age, "particularly young people, who listened with delight to his instructive tales." And, lastly, he is reported to have "excelled in his mode of addressing his poor neighbors." If the evidence, then, of his private character be scanty, what there is redounds to his credit. Gentle, observant, and unobtrusive, he lived out his days, little dreaming that in the following century his name would still be honored, and his letters read and re-read by all sorts and conditions of his countrymen.

Until very lately there was much ambiguity as to White's curacies and benefices. Many persons probably still believe that he was vicar of Selborne; this, however, he never was. The living was held for some years by his grandfather and godfather, also Gilbert, the first of the family who ever resided there. He was instituted in 1681. The naturalist himself, while retaining his fellowship at Oriel, and paying periodical visits to the university, was curate of Selborne for a few months during 1751-52, and afterwards of Durley, Hants, for a year and a half. At the latter place, he tells us, his stipend was about £36. In 1755 he came back to Selborne, and was curate of Faringdon, two miles distant, for the next twenty-two years. In 1784 he became once more curate of Selborne, after an interval of twenty-six years, and filled that office until his death, in 1793. As fellow of his college he had, of course, several opportunities of becoming vicar or rector, had he so desired. But his attachment to his own home was so great that no advantages, in the shape of increased influence or income, were powerful enough to induce him to leave Sel-

borne. We now reap the benefit of his domesticity. He did, it is true, hold the sinecure living of Moreton Pinkney from 1757 onwards, but never did duty there, and, so far as we know, never even entered the place. In 1774 he is recorded to have declined no fewer than three more or less eligible pieces of preferment — Cromhall, Swainswick, and Cholderton. Some features of the last-named village have been described by the graphic pen of the Rev. Thomas Mozley; but he does not touch the fauna or flora, which, in White's day, must have been of exceptional interest. Had his inclination carried him to Salisbury Plain, he certainly would not have felt the monotony which other rectors have lamented; and as certainly, he would have left us a valuable record of the great bustard, which, during the eighteenth century, found there one of its happiest hunting-grounds. But, on the whole, we cannot regret that he clung to the place of his birth, which, but for him, would never have been more important than any other English village. Cholderton has, at least, had its church-builders and divines, and may yet one day achieve a natural historian.

Although Gilbert White is undoubtedly the most distinguished member of his family, it must not be supposed that he enjoyed a monopoly of talent, even in the department in which he especially shone. Nothing is known — nothing, at any rate, is hitherto published — with regard to his father's tastes or abilities; but, seeing that four of his five sons who reached man's estate were imbued with a love of observation and experiment, it is reasonable to assume that he must have been a man of a somewhat similar tendency. Gilbert was the first-born; Thomas Holt, the second of the sons who survived their infancy, made a fortune in trade, and retired, in order to devote himself to "his favorite pursuits of natural and physical science." He became a fellow of the Royal Society in 1777, and contributed a number of essays to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, between the years 1780 and 1790. "Among these," says Professor Bell, "a series of articles on the trees of Great Britain are particularly worthy of notice, for the extensive information, good taste, and variety of reading which they display." The third son, Benjamin, was a successful publisher, and launched into public favor most of the standard works on natural history of the time, including the Selborne masterpiece. John, the fourth son, was for several years chaplain at Gibraltar; he and Gilbert were

regular correspondents all their lives, and his son "Jack," frequently mentioned in the "Letters" was most conscientiously educated, and almost adopted, by the elder brother. John's leisure hours were devoted to the preparation of a natural history of Gibraltar and the neighborhood. For some reason or other this was never published, although, as we have seen, there was a publisher ready to hand in the family; even of the MS. there seems to be no vestige remaining—a great loss to naturalists, for a trustworthy synopsis of Spanish fauna in the middle of the last century would now be extremely valuable, especially in respect of the migrations, which an observer stationed at Gibraltar would, of course, have noted to the best advantage. Here, then, for a single family, we have a distinctly unusual convergence of tastes. It cannot often occur that of five brothers three are naturalists, enough in earnest to set down in writing the results of their life-long observation, while the fourth is a publisher, whose energies are devoted by preference to obsequious services in behalf of books on natural history.

It was not without much friendly coercion and diffidence, not in his case, we may be sure, the product of affectation, that White consented to give to the world what had for so many years commanded the admiration of his private correspondents. He was already fast becoming an old man when the idea of publication was first suggested to him, and to one of his cautious and retiring temperament the prospect of correcting proofs and making sport for reviewers would naturally be distasteful. Professor Bell, in his (by far the most exhaustive) edition of "The Natural History and Antiquities," quotes some lines, written by the author on the eve of the book's appearance. They are headed, "To myself commencing author," and the last four lines run thus:—

Taste ever shifts; in half a score of years  
A changeful public may alarm thy fears.  
Who now reads Cowley?—The sad doom  
    awaits,  
Since such as *these are now* may be thy fate.

White was then on the verge of seventy, and could scarcely have been seriously troubled by the possibilities of "half a score of years" farther on. As things were, he can hardly have lived to realize the appreciation with which his literary labors were regarded, for he died in 1793, four years after the publication, and the permanent vitality of even the best of

books cannot be assured in that brief space. For the mere monetary result, which cannot have been very great, he probably cared nothing. Had he so cared, he would no doubt have published his book by subscription, and thus have at least guaranteed himself against actual loss; but of this there is no hint. We can readily imagine that, in his modest way, he derived an honest, if perhaps not outspoken, satisfaction from the reception of his work among scientists hitherto unknown to him. Several new correspondents were at once added to his list, and the few years that remained to him were, we may well believe, the proudest of his long life. And, indeed, it was no mean feat that he had accomplished. To publish once in a lifetime, and that when the fatal epoch of threescore years and ten is within a twelvemonth's hail, is in itself a venturesome, and exceedingly rare, experience. But to have published at that age a book, which was applauded at the outset by competent judges, and which now, when it is celebrating its centenary, is cherished as one of the classics of the language and bids fair to fascinate each year an increasing host of readers, this is surely a triumph as unique as it is glorious. The writer, it is true, was happy in his subject. The manners and customs of birds and beasts do not appreciably change with the course of years; there is no such thing as fashion among them, and what was true of them in 1790 is no less true in 1890. This, no doubt, is one step gained towards an author's immortality; his subject can never become out of date. But, even with this advantage, immortality is still a long way off. The master-touch must be there, or the world will refuse to be charmed, be the matter never so entrancing, the laborer never so trustworthy.

When a book has reached its hundredth year, and is still not only alive, but in constant request, it becomes interesting to trace its career. To do this with any thoroughness it is necessary to consult the British Museum catalogue. This invaluable work reveals the fact that up to the present time more than thirty separate editions of White's "Selborne" have been issued. The first, as we have seen, appeared in 1789, and seems to have satisfied the demand for several years. The edition of 1813 contains a general view of Selborne, and a figure on the brow of the hill, in the costume of the latter half of the eighteenth century, is supposed by some to represent White himself. If so, it is the only counterfeit presentment of him

extant. In 1834 Sir William Jardine appears as editor, followed in 1837 by E. T. Bennett, a clever and zealous young zoologist, whose premature death was a great loss to natural history. Six years later another naturalist, the Rev. Leonard Jenyns, Darwin's friend, published the now famous "Letters," with notes of his own. In 1875 was issued the version for which Frank Buckland is responsible, and which has remained ever since the most popular. To this edition Lord Selborne contributed a chapter on "Antiquities," abundantly confirming White's belief that the village was known to the Romans. In White's time, as his readers will remember, a great haul of coins was made in Wolmer Pond; more recently other coins, together with fragments of pottery and spear-heads, have been discovered, and there seems to be good reason for concluding that the legions of Claudius were not only aware of the existence of the village, but actually fought some sort of battle within its borders. If, however, Buckland's edition be considered the most popular, owing, in part, to its cheapness, clear type, and happy illustrations, it must be conceded that Professor Bell's, of 1877, is, of all yet issued, the most complete. This is what might have been expected, for he enjoyed very exceptional facilities. To begin with, he was White's contemporary, though but for one year, having been born in 1792, only three years after the first issue of the book which he lived to edit nearly a century later. Thus, without any great strain of propriety, he may be said to have belonged to White's time, and therefore, perhaps, both being naturalists, to have been in a special degree interested in his subject. In point of fact he devoted many years, *thirty* he tells us in his preface, to the labor of collecting information on the spot, for he purchased White's house and lived in it, and died in it. As he was a man of remarkable energy and of an extraordinarily green old age, we may be sure that he left no stone unturned in order to do justice to the task he had set himself. He, the editor, was on the verge of eighty-five, as the author had been on the verge of seventy, when his book saw the light; yet in neither case can any feebleness, incidental to such length of days, be detected.

Professor Bell, from his acquaintance with Gilbert White's descendants, was able to introduce a good deal of new matter into his edition. For example, there is a series of charming letters from Gilbert to John, who, after returning from

Gibraltar, had become vicar of Blackburn. There is also the interesting correspondence between the latter and Linnæus, conducted in most correct Latinity, which suggests the reflection that there are not many ornithologists in these days capable of writing not only grammatical but elegant Latin letters. Then we have nearly one hundred pages of Gilbert's "Correspondence with his Family," which may fairly be said to exhibit him in a most favorable light as both brother and uncle. A perusal of his "Account Book" will prove that he was well aware of the value of money, but some of the letters prove quite as conclusively that it was not for its own sake or *his* own sake that he registered his daily disbursements so methodically. The Rev. R. Churton, fellow of Brasenose, was for fourteen years one of his correspondents, and frequently spent Christmas at Selborne. Though a much younger man than White, he was evidently regarded by him with something more than mere cordiality, and rather as one whose opinion on most subjects was well worth inviting. A few miscellaneous letters, too, are included to and from Lightfoot, the botanist (who also was the first to distinguish clearly the reed-wren), Montagu, the well-known ornithologist, whose name has been given to one of the harriers, and others, and, lastly, the correspondence between White and Robert Marsham. This gentleman lived on his estate at Stratton Strawless, in Norfolk, and was so impressed by the "Natural History and Antiquities" that he at once put himself in communication with the author, with whom he continued to correspond on various matters connected with birds, beasts, insects, and trees, until White's death in 1793. The last letter from Selborne to Stratton is dated only ten days before that on which the eye that had observed so well, and the pen that had chronicled so pleasantly were, the one closed, the other laid down, forever.

Wherein, then, after all, lies the fascination of the Hampshire parson's work? What are those features of irresistible attractiveness which have made it in natural history what the "Arabian Nights" may be said to be in fiction? The biographies of many distinguished novelists tell us that they were introduced to literature through the medium of Sheherazade's extravaganzas, but for which they would probably have never begun to scribble on their own account. How many modern naturalists, both amateur and professed, must there be, who received in the first

instance the needful stimulus from a copy of White's "Selborne"! One source of its popularity must, no doubt, be attributed to the fact that it was the first in the field, in a double sense. At the time of its publication there was nothing of the kind in the market, the only works in any degree bearing on the subject being those of Linnaeus, Scopoli, Ray, and a few other writers, who could be studied only by scholars, for they were mostly written in Latin; Montagu's "Birds" was not published before 1802. Nor must it be inferred that its popularity was immediate. Appearing as it did in the cumbrous shape affected in the last century it could scarcely be expected to take the fancy of a schoolboy, however great his interest in the subject. It is almost wholly to the enterprise of our nineteenth-century publishers that the credit of its wide and growing circulation is due. The excellence of the book was acknowledged by the best judges from the first, but the brothers Sosii soon recognized in it the elements of commercial success also. Hence it was soon issued in a cheap and handy form, and speedily became the favorite it has since remained. Our most renowned naturalists have not disdained to lend a helping hand, directly or indirectly, to one or other of the many editions; the names of Owen, Yarrell, and Newton, to mention a few besides those identified with special issues, indicate beyond all question the honor in which it has long been held in strictly professional circles.

Bearing in mind that he had extremely little save his own senses to trust to, we cannot but regard with unqualified admiration White's almost invariable accuracy. His actual errors are quite ridiculously few. He was not quite clear about the water-rat or vole, and suspects "there may be two species," though he does not assert the fact. We now know that there is only one, but Willughby, Ray, and Linnaeus had all three made the same mistake in former years. He was also wrong in supposing that the cavities or glands beneath each eye in deer were for the purpose of assisting respiration. On the other hand, some of his observations are considered to be unrivalled to this day. For instance, his account of the stone-curlew is the best extant; he satisfied himself that the domestic pigeon derives its origin from the blue rock (*Columba livia*), a proposition since proved conclusively by Darwin; and he was certainly the first to observe one species of British bat (*Scotophilus noctula*), and to describe

(for Montagu had previously observed it) the least of our quadrupeds, the harvest mouse (*Mus minutus* or *messorius*). The wretched Pennant, who at about this period was compiling his "British Zoology," and to whom so many of White's best letters are addressed, appears to have treated him very shabbily, according to modern views, by making free use of his information without, however, any acknowledgment. He was notably mean in the matter of the harvest mouse. But Nemesis has overtaken him, for White still flourishes apace, while Pennant and all his works have sunk into, perhaps, deserved oblivion. Frank Buckland specially and with much difficulty once secured a family of baby hedgehogs, in order to test the truth of White's remarks concerning their bristles, and found them absolutely accurate. Another, and far greater, naturalist condescended to take the hint given in one of the letters to Daines Barrington: "A good monography of worms would afford much entertainment and information at the same time, and would open a large and new field in natural history." It was White who first drew attention to the preponderance of hen-chaffinches in winter, a circumstance which has been confirmed in recent years by Professor Newton in the fourth edition of Yarrell's "Birds." It was White who, among a thousand other minutiae, first noticed that a diet of hempseed darkened the plumage of cage-birds, a fact now generally known, but never observed before his time.

This, indeed, is one of the grand secrets of White's success; nothing is beneath his notice. He is as earnest in discussing the key in which owls hoot or the manufacture of the contemporary "rushlight," as he is in following the migrations of the swallow tribe or illustrating the natural affection of the lower animals. Again, he makes, and we can see that he makes, no attempt at fine writing. He is at no pains to ingratiate himself with his reader by means of his style, or at the expense of truth; he never exaggerates. And yet there is a charm about his letters which other writers have never caught. We feel that his message comes to us direct from his heart; we know that we are reading almost the *ipsissima verba* of the notes which he jotted down in the course of his evening ramble under Selborne Hanger or along the Lythe. He gives us facts rather than fancies, and though in his capacity of Oriel don, he likes to air occasionally his acquaintance with Virgil (a brother

naturalist) and other classical poets, he steadily eschews all allusion to the symbolism or mysticism of the fowl of the air or the flower of the field. In like manner he never poses as a scientist of the first water, and when he does lay down the law it is in such gentle terms that he seems to be himself the pupil rather than the preceptor. In dealing with the faults of others he is singularly mild and courteous, affording us an agreeable contrast to some of the scientific manners of later days. Moreover, he is always open to conviction, and is constantly asking for details which, if forthcoming, will upset some pet theory of his own. This is the more praiseworthy as coming from one who lived in so circumscribed an area, and whose ideas might therefore not unreasonably be expected to be broad only in proportion to the acreage. But herein lies also no small part of his strength. By confining his observations to his own special district he did not by any means lose the pleasure of comparing the habits of the Selborne fauna with those of other neighborhoods, while, on the other hand, he did not waste time in attempting to cover too much ground, as some of his successors have done. Of this danger he was well aware, and takes occasion to commend Scopoli also for having avoided it, though Carniola, it must be confessed, is a good deal more extensive than Selborne; but the principle is, no doubt, thoroughly sound. "Men," he says, "that undertake only one district are much more likely to advance natural knowledge than those that grasp at more than they can possibly be acquainted with; every kingdom, every province, should have its own *monographer*." And, we may add, every village. It is a standing reproach to the natural history of our age that White's example has been so rarely followed. How many a country vicar there is, with time on his hands, and not without a certain aptitude for observing the ways of his furred and feathered parishioners, who yet prefers what Gibbon called "the fat slumbers of the church" (no longer so fat, it must be owned, as in Gibbon's era) to the light labor of doing for his parish what White did for Selborne! A good naturalist of our own epoch would far rather compile a necessarily imperfect and probably erroneous ornithology of some vast and distant land than chronicle the minor glories, in the shape of finches and warblers, of his native country-side. But the standard "Birds of Great Britain" would be an infinitely more valuable book than it

is, could it have been based on the patiently gathered records of some thousands of country parsons. Day by day species which in the memory of man were abundant are becoming in this district obsolescent, in that obsolete. In the absence of any well-authenticated record it will one day be doubted whether in this or the other particular village they ever occurred at all. Yet pen and paper and the knowledge of bird and beast which many of us possess or can easily acquire are all that is necessary to settle the question once and forever. As it is, the animal life of our rural districts is, for the most part, an unwritten page of history, depending for its interest on oral tradition, and seldom or never verified by personal research.

There is but one name of our own time which can fairly be connected with that of Gilbert White, one hedgerow philosopher, upon whose shoulders his mantle may be said to have descended. Readers of books on natural history cannot yet have forgotten how immediate and striking was the success of the "Gamekeeper at Home." Its simplicity, its freshness, the odor of copse and woodland which it exhaled, all combined to make us welcome what read like another instalment from Selborne. It was speedily followed by other volumes, no less meritorious, by degrees, however, becoming less and less simple, and requiring to be not only read but studied. The wild poetry of the fields with all their denizens was poured forth in a manner never before proved possible in prose. And then one morning we learnt that Richard Jefferies — Gilbert White the Second, with sundry elaborations — was dead. But still we had no key to those mysterious outpourings, until his "Eulogist," in some of the most painfully interesting pages to be found in modern English, laid bare to us the whole story. Then, and not till then, did we become aware that those strangely beautiful field-rhapsodies were, like the flutings of the dying swan, the outcome of a life doomed by the fates. Clotho and Lachesis were already spinning its final threads, even as we read and wondered at the new prophet. Infinite is the pathos of the revelation. So full of love for all nature's handiwork, so rarely gifted with a genius to set it forth, as no pen had hitherto set it forth, before the eyes of his fellow-men, and yet to be snatched away almost before the ink was dry! A strange contrast this, to the pleasant, evenly flowing course of the Selborne life. And yet, up to a cer-



tain point, the two men were not unlike. The elder was more precise, more methodical, more inquisitive; the younger more impulsive, more imbued with the worship than concerned with the minor economy of the great goddess, Nature. But both were, nevertheless, her true sons. White's aim was to improve the knowledge of his generation, and to compare his notes with those of other observers; in his homely way he was eminently sociable, with abundance of practical wisdom, together with a sufficient income. Jefferies probably compared notes with no man; he was not popular, he could not laugh; he loved rather to range apart, and commune with nature in her most secluded haunts; finally, he was both poor and proud. Yet his books are as charming, though scientifically not so valuable, as White's. He was never reckoned an authority on natural history, for his often really shrewd suggestions are overlaid with so much that is not recognized in the schools. His nine years' career as an author was one long deliverance of his soul. In future years his peculiar, and, in their kind, unsurpassed merits, will doubtless come to be more widely appreciated than they are as yet. He should be read with the key supplied by the "Eulogy." Meanwhile, we may safely prophesy that White will never lose his popularity; he is simpler and more matter-of-fact, and it requires no effort of brain or straining of sympathy to enjoy a remunerative half-hour of his company at any time. The same may be said of the "Gamekeeper at Home," but the beauty of Jefferies' later works would be utterly lost, and perhaps be voted intolerably slow, by the school-boy who revels delightedly in the practical information afforded by "Selborne."

It is the pride of our race that we are not afraid of the open air. If we live in the country, whatever betides, we must each day get face to face with the great mother of us all. We are born with a love of watching the rooks build, the wild hyacinth blossom, the red leaf fall. Long may this noble inheritance remain to us! We can take a genuine interest in the bird-life of even the London parks, degenerate as it is compared with that of fifty years ago, or thereabouts, when, as Yarell assures us, he counted as many as three-and-twenty magpies together one morning in Kensington Gardens. Dwellers in Spitalfields or Bermondsey from time to time come forward with rich and carefully classified collections of moths and beetles. In short, there are very few

conditions of life under which our congenital leaning towards natural history refuses to assert itself. But it is, of course, in the open fields that our propensity sees, and is seen to the best advantage. Who can doubt that it has helped to make us the nation we are? Probably no people on earth, living mainly in large towns, is yet so enamored of "the country." Though we do not all of us go with Mr. Ruskin in everything, we are all prepared, man, woman, and child, to admit the general truth of the principle laid down by him, when he says, "To watch the corn grow, or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over the ploughshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to pray, these are the things that make men happy." Gilbert White did nearly all of them, and he must have been one of the happiest and most contented of mankind. He would probably have described the lanes and woods of Selborne as a panacea, which no nostrums of any faculty could rival. And, had he been somewhat more of a poet, he would certainly have included in his world-renowned volume, what old Robert Burton has quoted in the "Anatomy," the words, namely, of St. Bernard: "A sick man sits upon a green bank, and when the dog-star parcheth the plains, and dries up rivers, he lies in a shady bower, and feeds his eyes with variety of objects, herbs, trees, to comfort his misery, he receives many delightful smells, and fills his ears with that sweet and various harmony of birds. Good God (saith he), what a company of pleasures hast thou made for man!"

ARTHUR GAYE.

From Chambers' Journal.

#### A TALE OF MANY MONKEYS.

ORIENTAL tradition assigns to monkeys a very peculiar beginning. Satan, we are told, tried to imitate the works of the Creator, but failed signally to equal them. Instead of the horse, he could produce only the ass; instead of the fish, a serpent; and instead of man, the monkey. Yet in India, the paradise of monkeys, they are held in high honor because of the aid which their king, Hanooman, "in the days of old," gave to the god Rama when, to rescue his wife, Sita, he invaded Ceylon; Hanooman helping to bridge the strait.

Duty had taken me to Dharmasala, a hill-station considerably west of Simla. On the return journey I turned off the

main road at Kangra, an ancient fortress, named by Runjeet Singh "the key of the Punjab," though utterly incapable of standing a week's siege from a civilized army. The object of this excursion was to see a neighboring shrine, much venerated by the Hindus, and called Jwalamookhee. Not only was the temple said to be worthy of a visit, but we had been told that self-fed jets of natural fire burned night and day within its walls. To die with a cow's tail in one's hand, to have one's funeral obsequies performed by one's own son, to have one's corpse burned on the banks of the Ganges at Benares, and to have the funeral pyre lighted with fire brought from Jwalamookhee, constitute the *ne plus ultra* of a happy Hindu's death and funeral. Hence the temple was considered particularly sacred, and the Hindu rajahs of India vied with each other—as they do at Benares, their holy city—in decorating it. We knew that quite recently the rajah of Faridkote had covered the huge doors of the temple with thick plates of chased silver. But more than the building, I was curious to see and investigate the phenomenon of the natural fires. So from Kangra I rode to the shrine.

A few hours' ride brought us to the little town, which lies on the hillside, below the temple, and is the offspring of the temple, in much the same way that many cities have sprung up around our own cathedrals, and for similar reasons. The native pilgrims, who come in thousands, lodge in the open air under the trees and cook their own food; the rich bring tents for their accommodation. But there was no place for a European to lodge in except the usual "district officers' bungalow." This is always a small house, with two or three rooms, built and furnished by the government, and put in charge of a manservant, who both looks after it and attends to the wants of those who occupy it. In it the officers whom duty takes to such out-of-the-European's-world places, lodge and transact business during the few days of their periodical visits. To this bungalow, therefore, we went. On telling the care-taker who we were, he opened the house; and while I went in and indulged in a very needful and refreshing wash, he attended to my horse. These preliminaries being over, we sent him into the town, for the double purpose of procuring us some food and of inquiring from the priests at what hour we might pay the temple a visit.

The main road passed through a dense wood not one hundred yards from this house, which was more than half a mile away from the nearest part of the town. From the road, a narrow avenue had been cut among the trees to a small clearance around the house; otherwise, it was quite buried in the wood.

When the care-taker left me, I found the house stuffy and damp; it had probably not been opened or aired for days. The stillness around was oppressive. Not a sound was heard except the munching of our horse in the neighboring stable or the rare cry of a bird in the trees. There was nothing in the house to read, and nothing to do. Moreover, I had had a long ride and felt rather stiff in the legs. So rising from the chair I strolled out of the house. After walking listlessly around it, and pacing the small cleared space in front, I followed the avenue to the main road; and then returning, passed into the wood, immersed in my own thoughts. It was literally a "twilight wood;" for though it was nearly noon on a bright August day, the trees stood so close and their leaves grew so thick that scarce a patch of sunshine lighted up a few favored spots. The giant branches of the grand old trees more than touched; they interlaced, and formed a leafy canopy overhead, with just here and there a rent, to admit a ray of light and to give a glimpse of the bright blue sky above.

Sauntering under these trees, I suddenly became conscious of noises in the branches above me. I looked up and about; but though the branches stirred and the leaves moved, I could see nothing. I was not, however, long left in doubt or speculation. A monkey, a large male, dropped from a branch to the ground at a distance of about thirty feet in front of me. As he reached the ground, he squatted on his heels, resting both his hands on his knees and gazing fixedly and solemnly at me. His gravity upset mine. Then near him another monkey dropped down; a third and a fourth followed. It began to rain monkeys. In tens, in scores, in hundreds; old, middle-aged, and young; large and small; males and females—many of the latter carrying babies, some on their backs, others in their arms—kept dropping from the trees around me. I was standing under a mighty giant of the forest; and against its trunk, some five feet in diameter, I set my back, as the monkeys in their hundreds squatted down in an irregular semicircle around. They did not go be-

hind the tree; for its trunk was much wider than my back, and they chose to sit only where they could see me. Around they left a clear space; but at the distance of about thirty feet they sat, huddled close together, in several rows, six hundred and more in number.

It may be said in passing that monkeys are sacred animals in India. They are fed and protected and allowed to roam at large with impunity. Vast numbers infest Delhi, Agra, and other large towns. At Benares they are a perfect plague. In so favorable a situation as Jwala-mookhee, they naturally multiply beyond reckoning, and people the woods in sufficient hordes to account for the hundreds that now surrounded me. At some distance beyond, several young monkey-urchins, which preferred play to curiosity, kept suspending themselves from the branches in long living chains, holding on to each other's hands or tails, and swinging themselves pendulum-wise to and fro. They were not the small, puny creatures generally seen in European menageries, but the real genuine Indian Hanooman, of which race the large and strong males stand, when erect, fully four feet in height. There were many such among others of smaller size, in the crowd around me.

It had not taken three minutes to form that solid semicircle of monkeys. They had come down as thick as a shower of hailstones; but so softly and gently had they descended to the grass and leaf covered ground that scarcely any noise had been made. For a short time they sat motionless and silent, staring hard at me; and a baby-monkey, having made a noise, was instantly smacked by its mother in a most human fashion. They looked at me, then at each other, and again at me; and then they began to chatter—first one, then a few together, then many, at once, finally all in a chorus. They talked, chattered, jabbered, discussed, argued, shouted, and yelled; gesticulating meanwhile, making faces, and grinning. Suddenly there was dead silence for a short interval, during which they gravely stared again at me harder than ever. Every now and again, one or another or several at once would grin, snarl, and growl at me, showing their large canine teeth. Again the chattering discourses would be renewed.

The laughter with which I had greeted the first of my visitors died a very sudden death; for my curiosity to watch their behavior did not prevent my realizing the

fact that I was not in a very safe position. Even one or two monkeys would be difficult enough to deal with, if they chose to attack a man, for though small, they are extremely muscular and agile; and it would be harder to prevent them from biting and tearing than it would a mad dog. True, I knew that one or two would hardly dare to attack a man; but when hundreds crowded together around one stranger, the circumstances were far from encouraging. Here I was, unarmed, nothing but a light riding-whip in my hand, surrounded by hundreds of monkeys, to which my white face and European dress were evidently objects of as much aversion as curiosity. Natives they did not mind; but Europeans they seemed to regard with the hatred due to intruders. I fully realized my danger, but continued calm and collected and reasoned the position out with myself. The only chance of safety was to remain quietly against this friendly tree, silently observing the monkeys, careful to give no offence or provocation, watchful to give them no advantage over me, till the return of the care-taker or some other chance came to my aid. Had I attempted to strike them, or to frighten them, or to break through them, or to flee from them, I have not the slightest doubt that I should not now be writing this account. Their enormous numbers would have emboldened them to any act. I should have been quite helpless in their grasp—would, indeed, have been pounced upon by scores of them, overpowered, bitten, and torn to pieces. So making a virtue of necessity, I kept up a bold front, watched, waited, and prayed.

In one of the intervals of silence, the great monkey that had first arrived and that seemed to be one of the leaders, suddenly hopped nearer to me—two feet or so. His action was immediately imitated by all the monkeys forming the front row of the semicircle, while those behind closed up as before; and the semicircle contracted around me by two feet in the radius. More chattering and gesticulating followed, more growling and grinning, with intervals of silence. They had a great deal to say, and they all said it, and it was all about me too; for they frequently pointed at me with their hands, and snarled and gnashed their teeth at me. Again they contracted the semicircle as before. And so they kept gradually coming nearer and nearer, and growing more and more excited. Still I remained quiet and silent; and still in the distance

the monkey-youths played the mad gambols of their living pendulum, heedless of what engaged the attention of their seniors. All else was silent and undisturbed — no sign of man.

The semicircle had gradually contracted to within fourteen or fifteen feet of where I stood; the monkeys indeed were so near that in two or three leaps they could easily have jumped upon me. I felt decidedly uneasy; wondered how they would attack me, and when? From the right or the left or the front? With their teeth first or their claws? By jumping on me from a distance or waiting till quite near? Then I wondered whether the care-taker would return in time to stave off the assault, for I was still quite close to the house. Of the dreadful results of the attack, if once made, I had not the slightest doubt. Still I remained leaning immovable against the tree, calm and cool, facing them straight, looking fully into their faces all in turn, and showing outwardly no sign of flinching or alarm. Yet I began to think that it was now only a matter of a few more minutes. Before a quarter of an hour at the furthest they would be within touching distance of me. They would be sure to begin to handle my clothes; and whether I permitted it, or resisted, or tried to fly, I would with equal certainty be attacked and overpowered and killed.

But my deliverance was at hand. In the midst of one of their most noisy discussions — or did it only seem more noisy because they were now so near? — they one and all became suddenly silent and perfectly still. They seemed to be listening attentively. I listened too, but at first could catch no sound anywhere; the stillness of death was all around; for even the young monkeys had ceased their tricks. What could have disturbed and silenced the noisy throng? Or what did they now purpose? Next from afar off came the loud cry of a monkey — evidently the warning call of a scout on outpost duty. Then, first faintly from afar, and then gradually nearer and louder, came, down the main road through the wood, the welcome sound of the clatter of a horse's hoofs at a swift walking pace. This it was which their quicker ears had detected long before I had heard it. They kept their ground for a few moments more; but their attention was now evidently divided between me and the approaching horse. Again, and nearer, the scout's cry sounded through the wood. There was an imme-

diately stampede. One and all the monkeys rushed off to the neighboring trees, and scrambling up the trunks and into the branches, they were, in the twinkling of an eye, lost to sight in the leafy canopy overhead. They had disappeared in their hundreds as rapidly as they had come, and almost as silently, save when the rustling among the leaves indicated their course as they passed from tree to tree and fled farther into the wood.

I waited still against the tree till the horse and his rider — a mounted policeman going his rounds — had come quite near. Then I made for the house and bolted myself in, thankful for the timely arrival and involuntary aid of the unconscious patrol. Unknowingly, but providentially, he had saved my life. Through the window I could still see the monkeys in the distant trees and hear their chatter. When the policeman had gone away, numbers of monkeys again descended to the ground and walked about, perhaps looking for me. I was, however, secure within doors; nor did I open them till, half an hour later, the care-taker returned with food, and a message from the Brahmins, fixing the same afternoon as the time for visiting the temple. Having satisfied the calls of hunger and, later on, visited the temple, I left Jwala-mookhee and its monkeys behind me, and rode back the same day to Kangra. I don't care if I never see a monkey again in all my life.

And what about the temple and the fire? Well, there was not much to see except "barbaric pearls and gold." The temple is large and lofty, certainly, and differs much from the usual style of Hindu temples; it is, however, without any pretension to architectural beauty or grandeur. But the constant flames are really there. There are fissures in the rock on which the temple is built, especially in a hollow, like a rectangular cistern, natural or excavated, in the centre of the temple. These fissures are vents for the escape of natural gas, produced most probably from vast reservoirs of earth-oils in the bowels of the hill. These jets of gas, once set on fire, naturally keep burning for long spaces of time. Sometimes one jet fails, and sometimes another, to be rekindled when a fresh supply of gas has been accumulated in nature's laboratory below. When I was there, no fewer than seventeen jets were in active combustion in various parts of the temple, the greater number being in the cistern.

From St. James's Gazette.

## THE CAVE OF THE CROCODILES.

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

THE sudden demand for mummied cats reminds me of a visit paid many years ago to the famous crocodile pits of Maâbdeh. It may safely be assumed that those who have visited Maâbdeh are very few. It lies some distance from the Nile, behind Manfaloot, where no one stopped in the good old dabeëh days, and the modern steamers only touch; moreover, the pits are in the desert itself, some hours' ride. "Murray," prudent as usual, does not encourage the adventurous. The editor of the Egyptian Handbook admits that his brief remarks are not based on personal knowledge, and the errors therein show that they are not based upon a trustworthy report. It is no unwarrantable presumption, therefore, to fancy that these very curious antiquities are rather discussed than known.

My own experience was due to accident. Dropping down the Nile, very late in the spring of 1863, our dabeëh was becalmed off Manfaloot, and the dragoman, badgered by two young Britons to find them sport, unwillingly named the pits of Maâbdeh. He proposed simply to ride thither and return—that, indeed, is a day's journey. But, as it chanced, the legend of the pits had been familiar to me as long as I can recollect. In the beginning of this century a certain Mr. Leigh, M.P., explored them, with most disastrous results. His narrative may be found in a quaint old child's book, called "Winter Evenings," extracted, doubtless, from some record which I never came across. "Murray" gives no reference to the story. My recollection cannot be trusted to tell what happened to Mr. Leigh precisely; but I know that one of his followers died in the cavern, another was lost, a third escaped after awful sufferings; and finally they had to run the gauntlet of an infuriated population to the river-side, whence the pasha, or somebody, sent them prisoners to Cairo. On the whole, it was a very striking adventure, a special favorite in our nursery. So, when the dragoman suggested in this casual way a visit to the crocodile pits of Maâbdeh, it seemed very strange and thrilling to my mind—as though he had proposed a trip to fairyland by excursion train. Of course, his modest programme was derided; we would follow the steps of the unfortunate M.P. to the bitter end. Our dragoman became serious now. He urged that it was much too late in the day

for starting, and we had to submit; doubtless the good man hoped a wind would spring up in the night. But he was disappointed. Long before dawn on the morrow we set out; and in the afternoon we reached the spot.

The entrance of the pits is an oblong fissure in the middle of a small plateau among the mountains—that is, no other entrance was known in 1863. There are no facilities for descent; one may let oneself fall sheer a matter of nine or ten feet, and clamber up again with the help of a donkey boy's cummerbund. I do not recollect that the ugly possibilities of this situation struck us at all; but perhaps some measures had been taken to make sure that the boys did not desert. One of them, indeed, headed the advance; our dragoman had never been down before. The Arab began by stripping completely, and he advised us to do the same. Then we lighted a candle each, and in single file dived into the bowels of the rock. At a few feet distance the passage narrowed rapidly until there was only room to crawl along on one's stomach. This first gallery may be some fifty yards long; it opens on a chamber spacious enough, but a natural cavern evidently. On the further side runs another gallery as cramped as the last, heated like a furnace, reeking with foul air, vile stench of bats, and pungent fumes of bitumen. Then we understood why the Arab had stripped. This frightful passage may be a hundred yards long, or the double of that, or more—one is unused to measure distances crawling like a snake on one's stomach. At the end lies another chamber, of good height, apparently, if the floor were cleared; but the whole area is blocked with enormous masses of stone packed as close as they will stand, over which one has to clamber stooping. Here myriads of bats assail the explorer, blowing out his candle instantly, clinging to his hair and beard in ropes. A moment more, and they vanish with a soft rustle of countless wings, such as I have heard in other climes when the sand grouse fly overhead at dawn and evening.

On the opposite side of this vault, the first trace of handiwork is observed—a square doorway. I myself would have been quite satisfied to drop the track of Mr. Leigh's footsteps at this point. But the dragoman was interested now—taking, perhaps, a professional pride in putting the business through successfully. He could speak with the guide also. So we went on, still upon our stomachs, for



an indefinite time, in an atmosphere beyond analysis and heat beyond example in the upper air. It was here, probably, that Mr. Leigh's party broke down, for I think they did not reach the end. We did. After some hundreds of yards, as it seemed, slowly the passage heightened — one could get upon one's knees; and then the flooring changed from smooth granite to a soft, uneven compost. I lowered my candle to observe. We were crouching along over kneaded human forms!

A very strange spectacle, which seemed to us an embodied nightmare under the excitement of that awful journey. I think I was almost delirious. No scene recurs to my memory now more fresh and striking than that black cave, with a slender glow of candle-light here and there, and the half-naked figures glistening with perspiration stretched out above a pavement of heads and limbs. Many of the faces had been gilt, and they shone flickering, here and there, upon the dusky mass. We could not get any explanation of the extraordinary mangling. The Arab said things had been so ever since he could recollect. It must be supposed that these were mummies of priests and attendants buried with the sacred reptiles in their charge — great personages, some of them, evidently. Their families had been laid with them; for there were as many women perhaps as men, and a great number of children. Every one had been stripped and torn to pieces — all those on the surface, at least, for a hurried examination failed to show how deep the serried pile of bodies lay. Mingled with them were sheets and strips of cloth, fragments of sarcophagi, and quantities of women's hair in scalps — wigs possibly. On the other side of this vault lie the hindmost battalions of the crocodile host — innumerable. Standing on the human pavement, there is just space enough above and in front to observe the manner of their disposal, for the topmost layer or two has been pulled down. If it were not certain for other reasons that the present entrance is not that formerly used, the arrangement of these crocodile mummies would prove it. They filled the space completely from floor to arch and side to side until the upper ones were removed — neatly aligned, tail to head, head to tail, with palm-leaves laid between, and the interstices filled up with countless multitudes of young and eggs; these latter tied in bundles and wrapped each one in a strip of cloth. Since every layer was piled to the roof, it is manifest that those

who arranged them must have worked backwards; and since it would be as easy to drag an elephant through those passages as to drag the superb specimens here — unequalled in my experience — of aligators and crocodiles — they must needs have been brought from the other side. The demonstration is complete, for we had extremest difficulty in drawing behind us two heads chosen among the smaller ones. Moreover, it is unlikely that the bats used that long subterranean outlet; they are probably acquainted with a better and nearer route. I fancy that the enormous blocks of stone upon the floor of the second chamber had been put there, after excavation, out of the way.

No one can form an idea how far the caverns extend. Removing the top layers as they went, and crawling beneath the roof. Arabs we were told had explored a vault beyond this and found more crocodiles still on the further side. The mountain, they said, was stuffed with them; and it is possible. Assuredly the pits are a mine of nitrate; and this exportation of mummies for manure may effect one good thing at least, by causing them to be emptied. Treasures may lie beyond the vaults where those myriads of crocodiles are stored.

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The Rev. Wray W. Hunt writes to us:

It may interest the writer of the article on "The Cave of the Crocodiles," in the *St. James's Gazette*, to know that the original account of the adventure to which he refers is to be found in what appears to be a highly entertaining little book of travel entitled "Narrative of a Journey in Egypt and the Country beyond the Cataracts," by Thomas Legh, Esq., M.P., published in 1816. I chanced, just before reading your article, to come across a review of this little book (it consists of but one hundred and forty-three pages) in an old *Quarterly Review*. The story of the adventure in question is quoted in full in this review; it is too long to be reproduced here, but you may be able to find space for the most thrilling scene in it.

The actors, besides Arabs, were Mr. Legh, the Rev. Mr. Smelt, and an American interpreter. After going through much the same experiences as your correspondent (except that at one point they encountered and had to leap "a trench of unknown depth," which he does not seem to have met with), they found the heat so excessive that, as Mr. Legh writes, "we felt we had gone too far, and yet were

almost deprived of the power of returning. At this moment the torch of the first Arab went out; I was close to him and saw him fall on his side—he uttered a groan, his legs were strongly convulsed, and I heard a rattling noise in his throat—he was dead. The Arab behind me, seeing the torch of his companion extinguished, and conceiving that he had stumbled, passed me, advanced to his assistance, and stooped. I observed him appear faint, totter and fall in a moment—he also was dead. The third Arab came forward, and made an effort to approach the bodies, but stopped short. We looked at each other in silent horror. The danger increased every instant; our torches burned faintly; our breathing became more difficult; our knees tottered under us, and we felt our strength nearly gone. There was no time to be lost. The American, Barthou, cried to us to ‘take courage,’ and we began to move back as fast as we could. We heard the remaining Arab shouting after us, calling us Caffres, imploring our assistance, and upbraiding us with deserting him. But we were obliged to leave him to his fate, expecting every moment to share it with him. The windings of the passages through which we had come increased the difficulty of our escape; we might take a wrong turn and never reach the great chambers we had first entered. Even supposing we took the shortest road, it was but too probable that our strength would fail us before we arrived. We had each of us, separately and unknown to one another, observed attentively the different shapes of the stones which projected into the galleries we had passed, so that each had an imperfect clue to the labyrinth that we had now to retrace. We compared notes, and only on one occasion had a dispute; the American differing from my friend and myself. In this dilemma we were determined by the majority, and were fortunately right. Exhausted with fatigue and terror, we reached the edge of the deep trench which remained to be crossed before we got into the great chamber. Mustering all my strength I leaped, and was followed by the American. Smelt stood on the brink ready to drop with fatigue. He called to us for God’s sake to help him over the fosse, or at least stop, if only for five minutes, to allow him time to recover his strength. It was impossible; to stay was death, and we could not resist the desire to push on and reach the open air. We encouraged him to summon all his force, and he cleared the

trench. When we reached the open air it was one o’clock, and the heat of the sun about a hundred and sixty degrees. Our sailors, who were waiting for us, had luckily a *bardak* full of water, which they sprinkled upon us; but though a little refreshed, it was not possible to climb the sides of the pit; they unfolded their turbans, and slinging them round our bodies drew us to the top.”

Our travellers accounted for the absence of the Arabs by saying that they were employed in bringing out the mummies, and made the best of their way to the boat; there were delays, however, in starting, and they had not sailed very far before they were overtaken by Turkish soldiers and carried before the governor of Manfaloot charged with the murder of the Arabs. By connivance of the governor they made their escape, but were once again overtaken and brought back. The matter was finally settled by the payment of twelve piastres to the widows of the two Arabs who had died. We are glad to learn that the third Arab, whose abandonment by Mr. Legh and his companions can hardly be called heroic, managed to make his way out of the cave alive.

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From The Spectator.

#### ON THE VERGE OF SPRING.

THE sun gains in power each day, and at noon quickens all life. The chaffinches call from out the beeches, and sometimes even their song is heard. The metallic “clink” of the partridges is heard in the meadows, and the loud trill of a tiny wren comes from the old wall. There in the elms the missel-thrushes are flying, and some have paired. The robins are leaving the homesteads for the woods, and with the sun a brighter crimson comes upon their breasts. By the river-side the signs of awakening life are everywhere. Pushing from beneath the drift-stuff, the big-flowered butterbur lifts its dull composite flower, and the first humble-bee bingles at the corolla tubes. A single celandine lights up the bank with its yellow star, and is the precursor of the flowers. The leaves of the anemone or wind-flower show in the wood, as do those of the violet.

There upon the topmost spray of a silver birch is perched the cleanly cut, orange-billed blackbird whistling to his mate. Let us listen a while, and whilst listening examine this sprig of hazel. Bot-

anists tell us that the hazel is a monœcious tree, thereby implying that its flowers are of two kinds, male and female. Arranged in their pendulous catkins, the male flowers are easily recognized. For the exquisite female flowers we shall have to search closely. They are grouped in tiny crimson bundles, and surrounded by scale-like bracts for protection. The process of fertilization in the hazel is brought about by the agency of the wind,—or we may have aided it by shaking the tree in procuring our spray. When a catkin-covered hazel is shaken, the pollen falls from it in showers of golden dust. This comes in contact with the viscid pink female flowers, and fertilization is brought about as the brown nuts of autumn amply testify.

It is the first day of fishing. Flogging the trout-streams in spring is the very essence of life, and of the angling season the first days are the most delicious. A dozen bright fish are in my basket,—pink-spotted, silvery trout, well conditioned for the season. Passing downstream, dippers flit from the green mossy stones, and ever and anon drop into the cold water. Even now they have their domed nests appended to the dripping rocks. Now and again the green kingfishers dart past to the tunnelled banks of the yellow-sanded holm. By the stream-side life most prevails. The artery of the fields seems to draw about it all animate nature, and in return yields up its stores. Along the margin of the stream the water-voles have begun to drill, having emerged from their retreats at the invitation of the sun. A water-rail gets up at our approach, and trails its legs as it flies; it settles in a clump of rushes farther downstream. The drumming of snipe comes from the upper air, and soon the birds are perceived circling over a bit of marsh. Northern shepherds say that this drumming is a sign of fine weather, with frosty nights; and the weather-wisdom of field-workers is rarely at fault. The little snow-buntings are still with us, but soon will make for their far northern home.

The lother day, at noon, I watched the action of a thrush on a lawn-like bit of grass. Hopping on in his peculiar, jerky fashion, he suddenly stopped, examined a flat stone, turned it over, and secured a large shelled snail. This he held in his bill, and flew off to an old stone wall. And then I watched him more closely. Against his well-fixed anvil he hammered the stubborn shell and cleverly dragged out the contents. On examining the spot after he had flown to the coppice, I found

heaps of shells, and prominent among them those of two species,—the griddle snail (*Helix nemoralis*) and the rufus snail (*Helix refuscens*).

In the stackyard, sparrows and finches are picking among the straw, and inside the pen are a dozen early lambs. The fieldfare is still with us, and flutters from out a bright-leaved holly. The scarlet berries of the latter afford food for the whole army of thrushes, and for other birds besides. The "blueback"—the game-bird of every young gunner—will not long stay, for the pairing of its congeners must remind it of the spruce-firs of its far northern home. A flock of gulls are picking among the brown loam upturned by the plough, and through the elm-tree tops the rooks are flying and cawing. They spent the morning in going to and from their nests, and in pulling the sticks about; but as yet they have not got seriously to work. In the land, the hedgerows are full of cheep and chatter, and everywhere is chasing and screaming of birds. Flocks of redwings and starlings are picking among the sheep. Pairs of the last have for days been about the chimney-pots, swelling their throats, and with drooping wings uttering their love-songs. The starling is a social bird, and loves to dwell near the haunts of men. And what an erratic species! In the north of England fifty years ago the bird was hardly known, while now it exists by hundreds of thousands. In the clearing, the first yellow-hammer begins to troll to the sun, and sends our thoughts on to summer. Tennyson's black ash-buds are showing, and soon we shall see his sea-blue bird of March. Although for the most part the leaf-buds are still safe in their scaly bracts, yet the sap is beginning to ascend. A man in an upland field has collected the dead couch-grass into heaps, and as he sets fire to these, sinuous wreaths of pale-blue smoke climb the clear air.

Some day at noon the first lark goes away through the blue; for an hour there is a song over all the land, and it seems as though winter is really over and gone. Nature is visibly stirred; we are on the eve of a mighty transformation,—one of the great miracles of the year. The rural sounds of spring are heard on every hand, and the lowing cattle try their best to anticipate the season. Then there comes a day when we pass from winter to the heat of summer at a bound; and of a verity the time of the singing of birds is come. The earth is loosed, and green shoots are everywhere. The first of the soft-billed

wood-birds have returned, and the insect hosts emerge to meet them. A white butterfly goes flitting by, and the scarlet lady-birds lazily revolve about the powdered limestone road.

Upon that tiny green island in the river-reach, a breadth of golden daffodils are dancing and swaying in the breeze,—the daffodil “that comes before the swallow dares, and takes the winds of March with beauty.” Earliest almost of spring visitants is the chiffchaff, or least willow wren, and even now its characteristic call comes up from the woods. And following closely upon the chiffchaff, if not actually preceding it, is the wheatear. This exquisitely formed and beautifully colored bird is partial to old stone walls, and is rarely found far from them. Soon, in some sheltering niche, it will have its pale-blue eggs. Whenever bird or flower has many provincial names, be assured it is dear to dwellers in the country; and the wheatear, which has its coming and its name by the time of the sowing of corn, is called fallow-chat, fallow-finch, and chacker. When disturbed from the wall, it flirts its tail and clacks, then dives, and reappears a dozen yards further on. Although long in coming, the sunny braes are now lit up with the yellow stars of the lesser celandine, and violets and primroses are peeping from beneath last year’s dead leaves. Humble and hive bees are in field and garden, and the soft alders and willows are putting forth their feathery flowers. In their time of return to the elms, the sable rooks are almost as infallible as the swallow. There are three rookeries about me, two I can observe from the window,—what a volume might be written anent the life-history of the bird! The raven, a near relation of theirs, is also an early breeder, and once whilst out with the hounds, I remember watching during a March snowstorm, a pair of ravens flying to and fro from the crags, feeding their young.

At night the birds may be heard on migration, the curlews and golden plover

on their way to the hills, their summer haunt and breeding grounds. The brambling and the northern thrushes have left or are leaving us, and last night a skein of geese were observed flying in line, making almost due north. Ducks and shore-birds, and wild-fowl generally, are following the same course. In short, as the winter birds fly north, the summer birds come from northern Africa and the warm shores of the Mediterranean.

Passing at evening a pond, the first croaking of the frogs becomes audible, and several shrew-mice rustle across the path. The shelled snails are beginning to come abroad, and a bat, enticed from its retreat by the warmth, is hawking after day-flying insects. The wood-ants are now first seen, and the dor-beetle comes abroad. On and about the trout-streams several of the ephemerae sport their gauzy wings in the sunlight, and then afford food for the spring trout. A visit to the marsh reveals a few nests (if the prepared depression can be so called) of the lapwing, and a single snipe remains by the runner that is just now aspiring to be a stream. A few pairs of woodcock are evidently remaining in the coppice to breed. Walking through these, the laughing cry of the woodpecker is heard, and the love-notes of the wood-pigeons. The squirrels have left their dreys and are ever active in the pine-tree tops. The crowing of pheasants may be heard at intervals on the margin of the wood, and the partridges are paired among the gorse. In the moonlight on the fallows, the hares are as wild as they are said to be in March, and now fall an easy prey to the poacher. But hares are his only booty, for the breeding game-birds are worthless. The poacher never follows his silent trade when the markets are closed to him.

Out of doors everything testifies that spring is slowly marching up the way. In her paths will follow her starry train, her charm of birds, and the soft winds which blow from the sunny south.

**A HINT TO THOSE ABOUT TO BUILD HOUSES IN VOLCANIC DISTRICTS.**—The Rocio tunnel was driven under the city of Lisbon during 1887–89, and M. Choffat, of the Geological Survey of Portugal, took the opportunity to examine the rocks traversed, which he found to be cretaceous and tertiary strata, associated with basaltic rocks, and dislocated

by faults. Comparing these ascertained facts with those recorded of the great earthquake of 1755, he finds that structures on alluvial ground near rivers were invariably overthrown! on tertiary strata the smaller buildings alone stood, while on cretaceous and basaltic foundations neither small nor large houses were thrown down. English Mechanic.

